Friday November 6th 1868

The Sch U. D. sailed from Fairhaven Massachusetts to the Atlantic ocean A H Bates. Master

Ten o'clock A. M. discharged pilot and after making one board I fetched clear of Light on Sow & pigs and after Noonens Lunch was past I steered off S.S.W. with fine weather

Saturday 7th Also fine weather with light winds from N.W. Found by observation the Lat 38 47.
Long 69 .38.

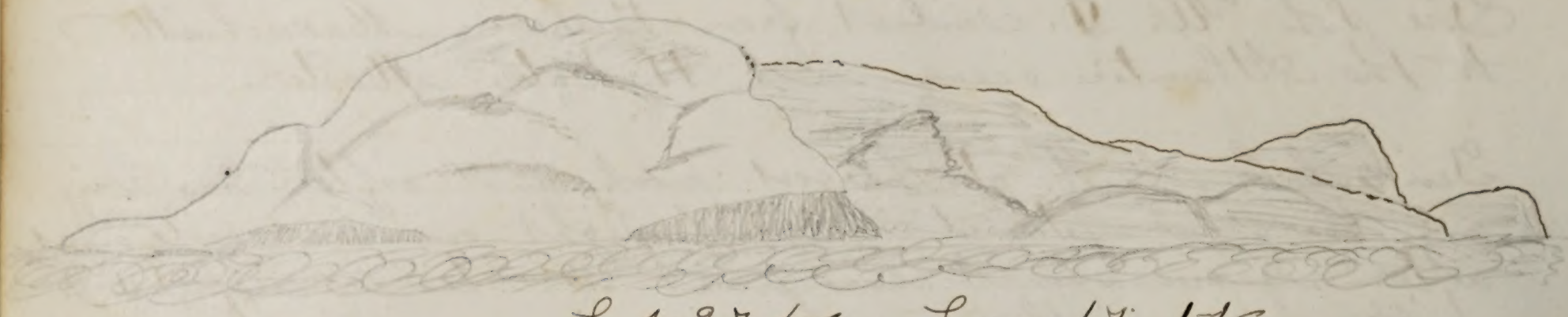
Monday Nov 8th Strong winds from S.W. Ship Steering S.E. with jib and double reefed main and whole foresail. Lat 38 40
Long 68 50

Nov 9th Raining with heavy gales from West Shipped a heavy sea and lost the waist boat with everything which belongs to her What about sailing on Friday.

Nov 10 More moderate Ship sailing under light sail and steering S E

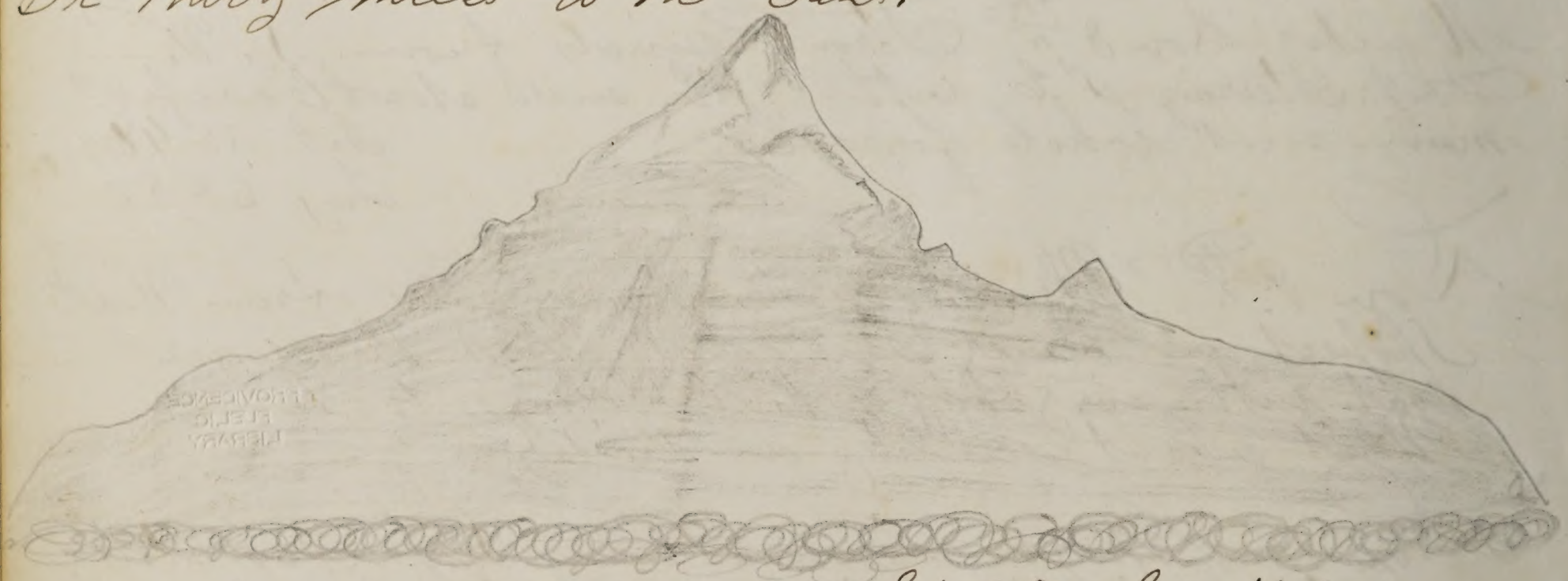
Nov 17th Since the tenth I have had some heavy weather and rain But nothing to comment on, and to day the wind is N E Strong and I think perhaps it is the trades However I am steering E for the Canary Isles

Ferro Islands



Lat 27.56 Long 17 55

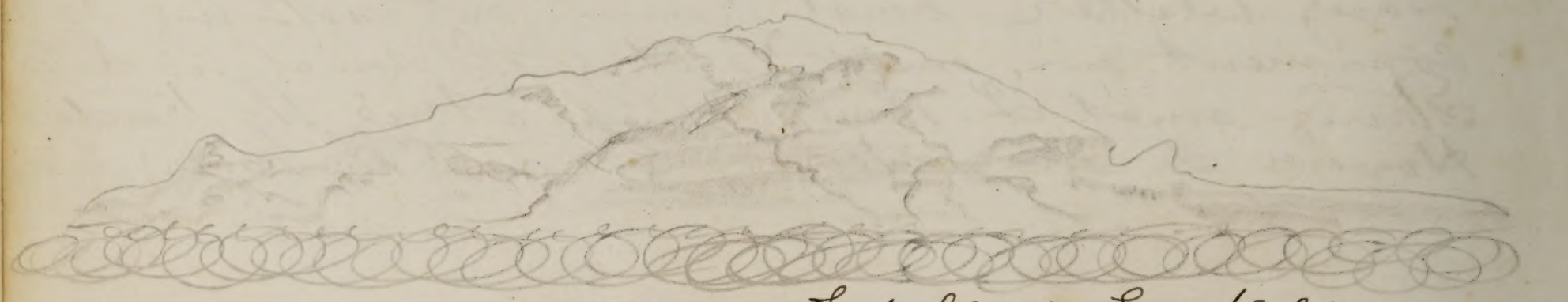
December 9th 1868 Raised the Islands of Ferro. one of the Canary group
Found my chronometer 2' two. m to slow
Or thirty miles to the East.



Lat 28. Long 16. 30

Teneriffe

Dec 12th 1868 The above Islands is seventy five miles to the N E. accordin to our reckoning to day



Lat 28,16. Long 16 21

Gomera

Dec 12th This Island is nearly in range of the Peak of Teneriffe but within a few miles of our position at preasant

I have been in hopes of finding whales here but it appears that those animals are not for us. I shall show myself this time. And a sorry figure it will be In fact I do not know what I have done to deserve much. A man may be able to catch an amount of whales but when it comes to finding them. I think it will rather take luck. or a guide from a higher power

Grand Canaria Lat 28.11. Long 15-25

December 20th Lat 20 Long 19. And I am bound from the Coast of Africa The Sky is more than clear here and The atmosphere is hazy, smoke I have not seen a drop of for a month In this latitude it does not rain sometimes in four or five years I find the water to be highly coloured as though on soundings 150 miles off shore and I did not go to see how much farther

To Congo river is 800 miles and it is late in the season and I am afraid that before I could get there and back to Bermuda the season would be spent in making passages. But if we go to Trinadad we shall expect good winds with a fair prospect of seeing whales once or twice and I am sure if I did not think it for the best I should not go. I realy want to get as much as one small whale this winter

But God has our destinies under his controll and sometimes I am perswaded to believe that it is but little use for man to exert himself to gather what is not for him. However he has said that he should send the rain on the just and unjust Therefore I still hope. still knowing that my worthiness will merit but little

But the person who could feel himself worthy still perfectly satisfied with his fortune though much or little Such a man I say is one whome we could call happy And though it be selfish in me yet I envy that man his happiness

December 29th 1868. Lat 5. 05 Lon 21. 58
Raised a small school of Sperm whales
Lowered three boats. The mate went on
and his boatsteerer missed. Came on board
where the mate declares he will not have the
said boatsteerer in his boat again. Therefore
I give the mate my boatsteerer. And suspended
the defaulter from duty as boatsteerer. Whereupon
he refused duty and threatened the life of
any one who should attempt to compell or
punish him Therefore I put him in irons

December 30th To day blowing very strong
Lat 4.49 Lon 20.46. Raised the same
pod of whales Lowered down and got two
which made us 30 barrels.

January 1st 1869. Light breezes with a
very heavy swell heaving from N E
Employed in boiling &c
Our New Years dinner is composed of
Boiled Ham. Soup & Baby Plum pudding
Tomato Sauce &c &c.

January 4th Saw a large School of
Sperm whales Lowered three boats but
did not succeed in capturing any
Lat 4.10. Lon 21.30

January 5th Early this morning saw
a School of Sperm whales going eges out
to the Eastward Lowered the boats but
could not ever raise them
Late in the afternoon saw a few small
whales Lowered three boats and caught
a small 10 bbl Bull.

January 5 Caught a large Black fish

January 29th Lat 2 N. abandoned the
idea of going south and commences
working to the North

Lat 9. 48" N Long 3 3" W February 8th
The water full of bright eyes. Saw black fish and tooth fish.
Feb 12th Lat 12 Long 26. No indications of life and I am hardly expectant

February 19th Lat 12 40" N Long 42. 05" W
Saw a school of sperm whales. Second mate struck and after being fast three hours with one iron his iron drew out and thus a whale went off. However he struck one which was caught

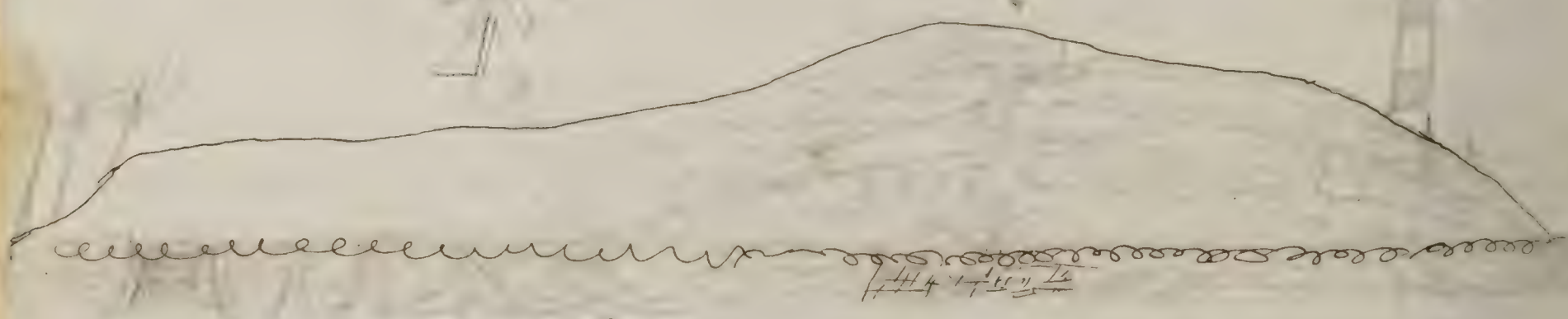
February 27th Raised sperm whales
Sent the larboard boat off and a while after the waist boat. The larboard boat a small calf and got stove. Put the iron killing the said calf and the boat being able to float I left the shipkeeper to run down to the mate. So I lowered my boat and went in pursuit of the retreating whales. The second mate got fast once also. The second mate filled his first and I got stove very badly. Put with hats and every thing that would throw the water I put in use and kept afloat until my whale was killed. I also killed another which went off to parts unknown. I then got a sail around my boat and left it with the second mate to hold out for the two whales. I then took his boat. Went on board and found that the shipkeeper had lost sight of the mate without going to see or near him. I then tacked and after a long search I found him in an unenviable position with all lances in one end of the boat and the other smashed in. I got him on board and then went in search of the second mate. I found him about 8 o'clock in the evening but he had lost my whale and saved the one that he killed. Thus ends with the whales when I guess right he should have had

Lat 12 30
Long 45 48

March 26th 69.

This forenoon saw black fish and caught a large one. In the after noon saw Sperm whales, and took four along side Great the Larboard boat Stove

Lat 41 30
Long 57 45



Berlaclaes. W.I.

San Salvador Or Cat Island

Lat 24 Long 75-20 Apr 28th Shadow is 8 miles distant I have touched here to rate my Chronometer and find it just eight little my old rate 1½ seconds losing

Here in 1492 Columbus first sighted land and without doubt he rejoiced at the sight But I fear that I shall now launch out upon a twilight goose chase and finely when summer departs it will leave me sad and desolate without whales,

May 12 13 14th Blowing heavy from S & SW Opened the seams on the port side of the stern 15th better weather got on our anchor found that I was some six hundred miles from Onslow

May 3 1869

Though I have not intended to write poetry this year still I wander off sometimes to rid's from care and all most dream

The echo of this silent thought
Flaps o'er the spreading sea
To travil through etherial space
In search dear friend of thee

Though coral caves and vaults below
Invites that echo near
Still may it reach my native lanes
And light upon thy ear

And there perhaps it may recall
The happy long ago
With many half forgotten page
That only we may know

I sit me down alone to muse
And thought goes on a race
Which leads me hither & after fines
In some old cherished place

The friends which moved with me along
Still fancy half as clear
Shall almost claim to hear their voice
Or feel their presence near

Much time has fled and you and me
Perchance are not the same
Though oft a honors neverfading page
The world has read thy name

And whilst contentment is thy lot
Alas my sader fate
Has strayed time o'er a dreary world
And even now so late

Whilst hope has fled, I haunts not
When pleasure on you waits
If sometimes you will just bestow
One thought on

A A Bates

South Atlantic Feb 1864

Cheer up thou drooping inclinct drear
Reclaim these moments wasteing here
Rouse up those droopeing spirits low
Thy dungoneet soul from down below
To frolick where excitement brings
Her fancies high on wildest wings
Where heedlessness may look beyond
All pleasures set apart, for men
And in the pressent seek to find
The fancies of a wandering mind

Judge. Yes. To judge thyself and see
If such as mine were joyes to thee

For I have joyeed in the past
With joyes such as-coulet not last
And also in the past I've seen
Joyes which haunt my latest dream

The first, when o'er the gory flood
The great Lacedemian pouredst his blood
The last. With Annie by my side
When all things els forgotten died

To seek within the desert sand
A draught to quench thy thirst O man

To seek where Arctic's currents roll
The Orange tree. and fruit of gold

When you the coral chambers tread
Beneath old ocean's dusky bed
And prove the wonders you have found
By turning heaven upside down

Then I. C. expect to see this heart
A fount of mirth A counterpart
Of what it was in better time
When Annies care was also mine

Come lend thine ear whilst I portray
Those peaceful shadows far away
Which once had soothed my burning brow
Where hope must center never now

I glance me back untill I see
The first faint spark on memory
And there I find a strugling will
Which never never has been still
Like a strugle long with misery
Still panting ever to be free

A Mother: care lights on the past
And though it nearly dies not last
It mingles with my dreary life
A charm. While oft I rest from strife

Her gentle voice Enchanted smile
Are dear to me as when a child
Though bitter days have come to me
Since mother thou at last I see
The coffin lid shut o'er thy face
I felt that none could fill thy place
I saw the grave in silence close
And then a little mound arose
Above thy form O Mother dear
Which left me bowed in darkest fear

As years roll on mid times decay
Though all things els has passed away
God grant that I eternally
May keep thee still in memory

This world in darkness spread before
Now lonely I must travel o'er
From land to land from sea to sea
Whither I went the same to me
From Asia down Siberias cold
Abandoned shores I have strolled
I sought the great Lavethian there
The polar and the grizzly bear
And conquered all in wild affray
Thus gladly passed the time away

I went among the sunny Isles
The fairest land of love and smiles
Where the Orange tree in beauty there
Perfumes the sweet effulgant air

But fate ordained a wild decree
And gentleness was not for me
I mused within my own wild thought
Till madness in my soul was wrought

In natures garden I have strolled
Where vireluns flowed with sweets untold
But all the blessings they contained
Was fuel to a burning flame
Which long had sapped my very soul
In hidden anguish yet untold

And there a whisper stole along
As in some long forgotten song
Which seemed to say remember me
In still the [illegible] the sea

And I have sued the noblest steed
That Norwais plain could boast
And in the trough have spurred to lead
The onward dashing host
But mid the song of joyful glee
A sadness over my soul
Rolled on my bosome, As the sea
In restlessness must roll

Often in those fragrent eves
When Luna's silver beam
Was dancing o'er the Olive trees
Or peeping through between
While pensively I have wandered
For what I could not tell
But how sadly there I pondered
I remember yet too well

The beauties of that verdant soil
The fragrence of the clime
Seemed not to reach the aching void
In that lone heart of mine

And I hailed the morning beam
Brightning into day
And seen within that wathing stream
A loved one far away

And one night when the moon had gone
And left the stars alone
A maiden wandering along
Asked me to her home
But when that guileless little tear
No answer from me drew
It swiftly fled among the trees
And vanished from my view

She left a kind a friendly voice
There ringing on my ear
I listened to that gentle noise
And wished that she was near

And musing there alone it seemed
That one from o'er the sea
Stood by me in that lonely stream
With care alone for me

Reality waking me again
I turned each care for home
And now at last across the main
More doubtful and forlorn
But all those clouds so darkly lowering
Which shadowed over my soul
Have fled and left the sunshine pouring
In glorious floods untold

Ever now though lingering years have fled
And counted days are here
My heart leaps forth once more to tread
Beneath a sky as clear

I rested there whilst time flew on
Unheeded in its way
Life and eternity mingled into one
Bright effulgent day

In this world it was arranged
That all things in themselves must change
And therefore joys shall pass away
As changelings of a passing day
While thus we linger here on earth
Anticipating from our birth
And if perhaps one joy we find
Tis transient as the fickle wind
And when is caught a blissful joy
Tis mingled with that dark alloy
Which mocks us with a coming woe
And laughs at follies here below

Let me not have one other breath
As memory paints that living death
It shall suffice for me to claim
A woe whose greatness has no name

Tell me not of cheerful hearts
Nor wilest enthusiastic dreams
Wherein no sorrow has a part
To mingle with those brighter beams
When you have told me of all these
Their note will cause me to repine
To see you lulled in quiet ease
For once those joys were also mine

Those few short seasons were to me
Like bounties in adversity
When through the dismal haunts of woe
True happiness began to flow

Twas in the sunshine of a face
Where gloomy shadows had no place
Where boney folds of raven hair
Wavered graceful o'er pure features fair
Eyes large and dark whose melting beam
Seemed resting on some far off dream
And cheeks whose luster did reveal
The lilly's freshness from the field
Lips whose every smile was grace
Reflecting sunniness o'er the face
A form which art may strive in vain
And failing once shall try again
With brush and pencil mark and tear
Without a semblance. Shall this fair

There nature with minutest care
Had gathered all her gems most fair
But fearing some should stray alone
They all were melted into one

Go search the secrets of thy mind
And though in fancy thou shalt find
Symmetry with affections charm
Which all thy former woes disarm
And when in the object that shall shine
Brightest in thy impartial mind
Thou canst behold combined and single
Beauty love and kindness mingle
Then marvel not because I shun
This world for these combined in one

But all is past. Let me submit
And cheerful bid my time but yet
Remembrance o'er my soul doth steal
Renewing pangs I shun to feel

Atlantic Ocean May 1864

Who shall erge the flight of time
And choose to be alone
Becaus the present does not shine
Must ever grieve and mourn
And count the moments day & day
Musing o'er some mournful lay
Joyless and forlorn
Shunned by all away from home
Becaus they never loved but one

Was it nature which bedewed
That soul with inward pain
And planted there a solitude
Which must unbidden reign
Or did affections ruling sway
Find naught beside one form of clay
To ease that restless chain
In absence all beside "to" shun
Becaus he still must love but one

Affection ruling all the day
Whilst gladness should endure
Nor nature ever marked a way
Of happiness as sure
For in musing of the past
On memory still it seems to cast
All tranquil and secure
All pleasures stored for those alone
Who ever loves and loves but one

A love which ends in dull desire
To change it for a peney
Although the world we may admire
Love but one if any
And when the Lamed is on the flow
The course is onward onward now
Though others sigh for many
And whilst they stumble on alone
We'll ever love and love but one

As onward now we hand our way
And plenty fills our measure
We'll teach the heart no more to stray
From home our only treasure
And ever then we'll string to find
Love and friendship still combined
Twill be a lasting pleasure
To know when here our race is run
We ever loved and loved but one

South Atlantic May 1864

With happiness around the board
With gold and silver in the hoard
With beauty glowing on the beam
With freshness flowing in the stream
And joyful tumult ringing near
Beneath the blue sky starkly clear
With all that nature can bestow
We reap and revel here below
On downy pillow wanton care
Dreams what awaking shall not share

But when mirth was heard no more
And darkness gathered on the shore
A tender form took her lone way
Down by the waters of the bay
And there upon the rugged lea
Would sit and gaze upon the sea

Within the sadness which was cast
In shadows darkling from the past
Was loneliness which gathering there
Seemed bordering on a wild despair

But musing through those chilly nights
Delusion dreaming ... new delights
Brings back the absent o'er the wave
With a welcome from the true and brave
Hers music in the same sweet voice
Echoing from her earliest choice
In visions from young dreams of yore
Hall as joyful as before

But where was then the chosen one
On whom through years her hope had clung
Perchance that form had found a grave
Beneath the wild contending wave
Or in some land without a mate
Had dying blessed me when too late
And yielding thus his wild career
Died call my name and wish me near
Alas Alas I cannot know
I live I hope But all is woe

Hour oft when twilight's hour has gone
I wander here to be alone
Or early watch each fading light
Retreating from the coming night

And there, beneath a gathering shade
With fainting hope How I have prayed
Whilst the lonely echo of each word
By heaven I felt was not unheard

Twas not Madora that alone
Counted thy moments which had flown
In a noble ship On distant sea
A wanderer roaming wild and free
Whose early prick was the white sail
Booming onward through the gale
Though roaming still Had learned to bless
His own Madoras fond caress

Where gleaming tide and waters meet
In wildness o'er that lone retreat
On went a sail before the blast
As visions wildly sweeping past

So near the lowering clouds are drooping
So high the towering waves are shooting
That the white sail one moment high
Seems rolling onward through the sky
The moment more a downward sweep
Falls in the valleys of the deep
Which leaves some fictious tales behind
As stories for the infants mind

A courser stood upon the deck
Whilst onward still he flies unchecked
And streaming gaily through the gale
The waters flashing on his trail

Behold the sun go down at sea
Unclouded sky Horizon free
Watch as the etherial blue
Recieves her tints of golden hue
As day gives o'er behold again
Twinkling o'er the sleeping main
Myriades of stars whose magnitude
Shines brightest from its solitude

Behold the moonbeam shedding day
O'er placid waters of the bay
And Zephyrs from the Sancon tide
In silence as he onward rode

The Courser once with admiration
Had looked those beauties of creation

But now alas the charm has flown
Or in some half forgotten story
Can but recall since he had known
A joy which points to his Madora

Twas summer and the month of June
The wild birds lays were fresh in tune
The meadows spread their carpets green
The hazle bush along the stream
Put on their robes of verdant shade
Which bends to kiss the we cascade
Murmuring down the pebbly bed
A cadence of some joyous tread
The little trout with wily prankes
Has thieved beneath the mossy banks

Wrapped in solitude unseen
Beneath this fragrant summer screen
Lo Madoras musering of the past
Of joys which could never last

Her hand was careless thrown aside
And raven locks unfolds with pride
And o'er her snowy bosome straying
While the silent zephyrs gently playing

But lo a sound breaks through the screen
And nearing still, what does it mean
One moment more Madoras name
Comes as of old. It is the same
Hopes of years so long repressed
The Corsair holds her to his breast

The question am I happy
Unto myself I ask
And answer it be museing
Upon the brighter past

And yet although the ocean
Is rolling far between
I am museing of the hopeful
And fancies idle dream

Though oft I find me lonely
Some moments which are brief
I loose my care by museing
And in it find relief

Here lays a picture by me
And in it I can trace
The cems of all my museing
Within its gentle face

And searching for perfection
Some sadness seems to state
Those lips as thoug museing
Upon some bitter ill

It seems that I have waited
Ever so long a while
To hear that voice of music
Or have those lips to smile

No verbal sounds arises
To soothe my willing ear
But I look upon thy semblance
And feel the riseing cheer

Portrayed in every feature
Are happy words untold
Which grants me in my museing
All memory can unfold

Hope gathers to the faithful
Which around me doth arise
And sparkle in profusion
From those expressive eyes

And if those lips would whisper
Or deign but once to smile
It would these silent shadows
From this lone heart beguile

Then the question I will answer
I am happy when I roam
But only when I'm museing
Of those I love at home

May 11th 1864

One year ago to day I spread
My sail high over the sea
And silent memory wanders back
To point the day to me

And even now it seemeth still
A voice though far away
Rings through the past as echoes from
One year ago to day

Exciting scenes and lonely hours
Has marked the changeful way
Whilst hopes and fears has marked me since
One year ago to day

But I must hope though nature frown
Though fortune stands at bay
I shall see again the friends I left
One year ago to day

When grief has fled and left the heart,
And happiness redeeming
New beauties around us seem to start
How differs natures meaning

The moon which lies behind the cloud
Rolls brightly through the heaven
Twilight puts off her dusky shroud
For embers affoded and eaven

Now slumber gathers hopes of years
To cheer the hours of sleeping
And if we shed some joyful tears
There is happiness in weeping

1864

Twas in my early ocean life
And my first trip to sail
O'er broad Atlantic rolling tide
To seek and catch the whale

One evening I remember well
The night before my date
A shipmate sung a song which said
They did not catch that whale

But soon we all were humbled in
To dream of dangerful life
Of happy home back in the past
And the pleasants wilder strife

At daylight some were rallied out
To hoist the blackness sails
Whilst some went to the gallant heads
To look awhile for whales

Whilst some were slumbering yet below
In dreams of fancies choice
A sound pealed forth high over the deck
Which proved a mast-head voice

Repeating sounds of there she blows
Rang sharply on the gale
The whalemen with a sure instinct
Will not mistake sperm whale

Then clear away the boats my men
And launch upon the sea
The Capt cries go take your stance
To start the jubilee

It was not long before the whale
Upon the surface breaks
Then heave ahead again my men
And after him we make

Our boat she was the foremost one
The little clipper bride
Was soon upon the monsters back
And harpoons in his side

Then smashing goes his monstrous tail
And tolling goes our skiff
But soon we clear the mighty splash
And over the waters shift

Then clear away the lance my boys
There is no time to waste
For whales soon learn their mighty strength
To shake us off in haste

And now the slack line is hauled in
We ride the foaming wave
And now he vomits forth his blood
From the wound we gave

The sun upon the crested tide
In radiance now shone
And lent more beauty there upon
The flesh of crimsone foam

And often since though years have passed
In fancy I can hear
That happy crew whose heart and soul
Went out in one wild cheer

The capture to the whalemans heart
A transcient joy sends
But in contentments quiet home
Is happiness and friends

To L. M. G.

Dear friend, come let us call to mind
The more than happy past
Where memory marks the olden time
Too glorious to last
And there perhaps I'll point to thee
New features in that memory
For one might think too fast
Or pass so long o'er some bright theme
That brighter ones should pass unseen

Well I remember those young days
Also thy cheerful smile
As I watched you in your busy plays
So happy all the while
Though I was older often there
I called you some-ones little fair
Just bursting into style
But never a word did you reply
But sought to pass me quickly by

I left you there a happy girl
And time rolled on its way
I lost you in the busy whirl
Untill one summer day
When fate or fortune seemed to guide
Me from Atlantic's distant side
For what here who shall say
But seeking friends I knew before
I met you at your fathers door

In you with all that growing grace
Which moves in beauties train
Me thought I saw thy sisters face
And called you by her name
The rogue within thy witching smile
Spoke out too plainly all the while
The reason why I came
You smiling whilst I bowed and scraped
Then showed me one without mistake

Those glorious days are far away
Enchanted though they were
On memory we may look to day
And see them sparkle there
And whilst we never can forget
Still may the present cheer us yet
With gems as bright and fair
Whilst we move in the car of time
And leave those sparkling gems behind

I would please my Anna best of all
To have her sister near
In winter, summer, spring and fall
She always would be dear
And ever welcome night or day
Though all things els should pass away
Each other you could cheer
And when life's lamp shall flickering wane
To live to meet beyond the grave

May, 1865-

So o'er the blue etherial sky
Here anon, there a cloud moves by
I note their changeful path with care
And marks what sine of wonder is there

At sunset when the fiery beam
Fades into yellow the golden stream
All has its sine of airy flights
Expectant through the coming night

The swell which heaves along the main
Has mistory lurking in its train
Whose changeful cours meant here portenes
Coming winds or the pleasants anes

And thought still what no one knows
Its advent here. Or path it goes
Untill our sails are gently filled
Or flaping declair the wines in spilled

But wetching hope and hopeful guess
And trust in time still none the less
Get after heedless of our sines
Lift from our cours contending wines

But high we over the liquid way
Booming onward night and day
Claiming still for those which roam
The bountious joy of going home

June 1865

Now high away for home once more
And happiness proclaim
Then let us dream that care is o'er
Not to return again

And yet perhaps in years to come
When grasping for domain
Some luckless hour may bid us roam
Upon the sea again

Then may I view the once wild hope
I nursed so long in vain
And see the rugged path I trod
Yet worthless still the same

And may the love of home and friends
The truant heart reclaim
And joy in contentments lot
And never roam again

Though oft we plan a quiet life
In faith to keep the same
When fate or fortune turns adrift
To send us off again

Experience bids us mortals here
To let very well remain
And leave some fortune to declair
When we shall roam again

I lost my way when but a child
And wandered through groves
O'er meadows green and pastures wild
I came upon some graves
I wondered who had left their names
Upon those barren birch-hill plains
Where loneliness portrays
On desert field among bramble brier
In summer heat and scorching fire

I wondered how they used to look
Believing they were old
I wondered if such pains they took
Why not their names enrolled
In some great book where people read
Where their names had lived indeed
And too they might have told
Of things which they remembered still
Of the great sea, or rippling rill

For near these graves a little rill
By which I used to play
Believing children were children still
And grandfathers, must stay
Nor dreamed that youth so joyous then
With our grandfathers once had been
As guileless and as gay
Nor dreamed we once their tattered forms
Like us had gaily danced along

When the strong hand which guides this pen
Shall crumble into dust
And when the selfish hearts of men
For riches cease to lust

When mortal tongue shall cease to babble
And mirth supreme
Sends gossip flying to the devil
Beyond dark Lethes stream

When unto dust I shall return
That shall be my lot
All truthfulness I then may learn
Tho all things is forgot.

But untill then, nor untill these
Shall memory cease to roam
Or seek in other forms to ease
The heart which throbs for home

Where beauty once to me had charms
I now but wish to shun
The sparkling eye and lovely forms
I only see in one

Where beauty reigns with greatest claim
At last I cease to roam
The sparkling eye, the lovely form
I will learn in one

The Dream

I dreamed that I was young again
My heart as light and gay
And youth in truthfulness the same
And I loved as well to play
There lurked in a rural nook
Beside a murmuring silver brook
Where flowers bloom in May
Were girls and boys in happy throng
To cheer the willing moments on

And there we played and one by one
Went missing from the dell
Me and one more remained alone
I loved that one so well
Whilst all the rest had stayed to play
And she alone had went away
No power should me compell
To linger there one moment more
Though mirth rang higher than before

A change came o'er my dream of youth
And other scenes of joy
Burst on my vission like a truth
Though mingled with alloy
And then I saw a blushing cheek
On one who seldom I could meet
Which did me then employ
A social hour would soothe me still
And drown the anger of my will

And when the mass of lonely hours
Were gathered into days
My fancy caught the largest towers
Which hope itself could praise
And darling views of mansions fair
I painted in the spaceless air
In splendor caught to rais
That form from earth for she alone
Seemed worthy of that fairy home

My dream was changed at manhood's dawn
The artless child the maid
I saw no more. - they both had gone
And o'er the world I strayed
In stranger land, beset with strife
With scarce one future hope in life
Since time itself betrayed
Those glowing gems of seeming truth
Which perished with our hopeful youth

From land to land, from sea to sea
I searched the wide world o'er
No pleasure there was found for me
Like those I knew before
But dark regrets without a name
The silence of my soul must claim
A sea without a shore
Where memory mocks the glowing past
As fickle dreams which could not last

Once more a change came o'er my dream
Hope brightens by my side
And in profusion throws its beam
Around me for ever wide
Whatever wish my life had crowned
By magic now seemed had been found
And granted on one tide
Whose roling wave had borne away
The doubtful past of mockery

The cloud which darkened o'er my soul
Rolled quietly away
And wasted years in misery's school
Learned lessons to decay
Ever we had gained the fabled prize
For which the strong-arm'd folly cries
O fickle form of clay
That fount of youth in romance known
In distance sought, but found at home.

Conclusion

Within this book oft I have sought
To sheer a lone dejected thought
And here have musses dull care away
Forgetting quite the passing day
Lingering moments dark and drear
When through the day has lingered near
Here o'er these pages I have traced
Moments which must fleet in haste
When all beside was dark around
In thee dear journal I have found
Peace wherein I bowed to rest
Moments which my soul has blessed
And now I sit as oft before
Whilst the angry tempest roar
Unconcious of the fearful sounds
Whilst swift the moments speed around
But still again and more dear
Although I love thee yet as true
And oft on memory shall repeat
All this silent pen shall speak
Nat as it now dark marks in part
The lonely dictates of my heart
Can fancy paint. That Form My Choice
Nor wakes the echo of her voice

Sunday June 19th 1865-

The Barque Sarah of Mattapoisett sailed from home May 11th 1864 and returned June 19th 1865 with a full cargo of Sperm oil. Having made the voyage in 404 days.
The few pieces between the 100th and this page were composed on that voyage

Bark Milwood Apr 1867

Old Ocean I know thy voice

What sound is that upon my ear
Which bids some slumbering dream awake
Is it but the slumberer's dream of fear
Or do I hear the water break
'Tis e'en but now I expect to pass
From Oceans wild tumultuous blast

So soon again. It seems one day
Since I had dreamed a long repose
Was pleasure chased the hours away
And does the waters round me close
So pleasure fleeting on before
Am I to chase them evermore

When freshly from the ocean toil
How gaily swept the noonday sun
I saw no more that wild turmoil
But dreamed those anxious days were done
Another there with happy heart
Dreamed not again so soon to part

And did I then forget to prize
Blessings which anxious time had bought
Or did some demon in disguise
Thus seek to sting my every thought
I'll go on mine for bear to bring
That woe which rides upon thy wing

Old ocean when from pole to pole
Beneath a mild or troubled sky
Thy boisterous billows cease to roll
Perhaps thy charm I'll then descry
Oh fate if thou must exile me long
Come change this life. Come change this song

The above piece was written the first night out in the Bark Milwood bound to davis straits on a whaling voyage. And the few immediate pieces following were composed on that voyage

If you should read, of woe indeed
And treachery of gore on yonder shore
Do not in wonder then enquire
What fresh red hand has conquered there
That passest unseen by mortal eye
And toles to none why it must fly
With name and race alike unknown
In one dark secret all its own

We are told the Gods of old
Could change their own race to a stone
Now if I myself could pleas
And could wing eternal space
I'd flap my wings on the morning breeze
And flee the human race

I would drive my car from star to star
O'er milky way to endless day
For this my spirit loves to ride
As bridegroom, with a whirlwind bride

But I have spread my snowy sail
Now boomin, wild and free
I'll waft before the frost-king gale
And ride the foaming sea

No man shall know where e'er I go
Nor mark my lay on the watery way
For I shall be the ruler there
The worst the only law we bear
Then list ye from some distant land
A tale of one shall rise
Whose name in whispered notes shall stand
A wanderer in disguise

May 1867

Could Time Change for me

Could I but guide my vissions o'er
This waste of water spread around
I would seek the scenes I loved of yore
And has my childhood sporting ground
There I could see I once was gay
Though youth itself had passed away

Could I but roam eternal space
And leave behind incumbering clay
I would linger where my childhood strays
Rolled gently down their blithsome way
And where my childish feet had strayed
Love should chant its own tirade

Could I but kiss some dimpling cheek
As once in childhood years ago
A guiless kiss both pure and sweet —
E'er sin or folly we could know —
To meet again and kiss so pure
I would sooth this woe I now endure

Could I but feel as I have felt
E'er passion bore my peace away —
Or could I kneel as I have knelt
And weep as on that better day
I would rais to life that long lost joy
I knew when I was but a boy

Oh could I state this rolling sphere —
To suit my will. Time should retrace
Its footsteps back an hundred year —
For chance might bring some other race
Or move me from this veil of tears
E'er I had seen these sinful years

May 1867

The best friend

Thy rural sweets O month of May
Are sweets no other months can bring
The robes of winter thrown away
For the prettier ones of spring

With the best friend if one could roam
What place on earth would not be home

Tis sweet to sit on summer night
But sweeter far in May at noon
For though the sun is warm and bright
No milder beams a tropic moon

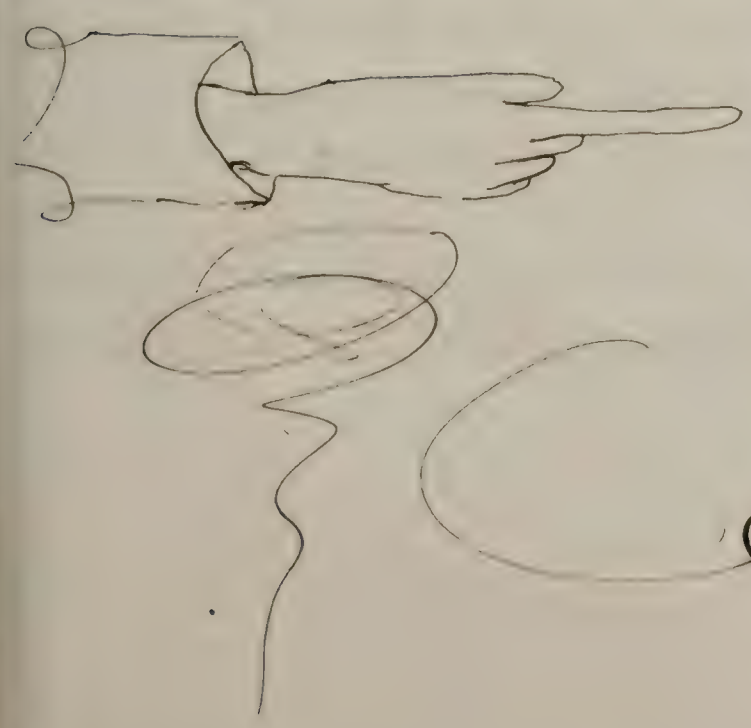
With the best friend to say good cheer
What sweeter month could fill the year

Tis sweet to lounge on easy chair
As idly o'er the world we roam
With Ethyno ever reading where
We give nor ask a boon of none

But sweeter far with the best friend
To lounge to ask to give or lend

Sweet is the music which shall bring
Joy unto the lonely heart
The touch which wakes the silent string
Upon a long neglected harp

Must be from one the soul can bless
From one we truly love the best



The one that I have loved the best
In dreams is ever near me
And who my soul has ever blest
In gladsome days or weary

To her whose ever welcome voice
Has bid my gloomy heart rejoice

May 1867

Whilst I stood musing time has brought
Me back unto olet oceans gloom
Yet careless brain never lent one thought
Of how much I should miss my home

Twas when I had but four weeks grace
To stay at home I did not haste

But thoughtless said that four weeks more
Was very long and I would be
All ready then if not before
Then one week passed and there was three

Some how it seemed that week had gone
To soon, the next would tarry long

But crossgrained time had spread his wing
And quick the moments flew away
I saw at last it soon must bring
The morning of a parting day

Which long upon my heart would leave
A pang which silently would grieve

And then I saw a few short days
Remaining they had precious grown
Whilst through my brain a thousand ways
Were marked that I might yet prolong

Their number which were fading fast
As one by one went steeling past

At last I saw at close of day
The sun o'er favorite hills go down
The last till months should pass away
In times steady but lagging round

One night remained no pillowed rest
Could make me dream that I was fleet

Unwelcome morn and thou art here
Yet the rabble of the world goes on
Friends, too are near me but the cheer
Of happiness, alas, is gone

And floating o'er the murkiest bay
The signal calls, I must away

And leave with you my native land
Hopes which but a lifetime could unfold
Reluctante now I press the hand
E'er long I'll give a world to hold

I meet a glance though dimmed with tears
Will follow me through long absent years

Now oft I turn to shun the thought
The pang it brings, the pang it brought

Oh could I wash in Lethe's stream
From memory that recurring dream

To muse over childhoods gentle shade
And happy scenes which time betrayed

Twould help to soothe a drooping mind
And fancies borrowed sun to shine

June 1867

To H. B. M.

As onward o'er the boundless main
I dash along
I hear the voice of thought proclaim
Though right or wrong
The names of here and there a few
On memories train
Whome time has proved the truest blue
And will again
If I have marked each friend aright
Thou knowest best
Judge I thy name here board and bright
Among the rest
But if perchance I'm left astray
It will not avail
Before a world scheme as it may
'Tis doomed to fail
For I have waged a bloodless war
Long with mankind
Who with both tongue and clamping jaw
I harmless find
It is perchance if e'er again
I see thy face
May track across the watery plain
I'll not retrace
Though thine the hand I long may love
It shall not be
What aught on earth can never prove
A home to me

Do not condemn this world too soon
Thy voice withhold

Let time sweep on with steady groan
And all unfold

So much I've said, now let me cease
And change my lay

For naught to me can purchase peace
By the watery way

I look above me and I see
The same blue sky

Which long has arched our canopy
Unchanged on high

I look around me and behold
The waters blue

And sigh for change, wonder old
Or something new

No damsels fair to grace our decks
The other kind

No tender charm is here to wrecks
And leave behind

Though we may dream of ladies bowers
In beauty wrought

And Flora crowning us with flowers
A wasted thought

As this is June may I suppose
The corn is in

Suffering sorely from the crows
On sable wing

And thou art happy could I be
Contented there

I'd seek no more the wide wild sea
Nor life of care

In a rural home I would admire
New lasting Spring

Through summer and autumn to retire
On beauties wing

There I would scape this life of pain
In quiet rest

And still the throbing of this brain
And aching breast

I often pause to look upon
Contentments home

To wonder why I wander from
The place alone

How often I have tried to chase
In differant forms

The mystic power in fancies race
Through adverse storms

But when I reach the golden hour
The charm has gone

Possession blasts the blooming flower
I sought so long

Then let me chase no more as late
Those fairy streams

But span this globe once come state
To worth her themes

In after years if you should lean
Upon da cane

Recounting o'er some former scene
Chance speak my name

Then may you glance down memories path
To days gone by

When Horrace and Charles joined the laugh
With you and I

Although those days are left behind
Yet still their dates

On memory aft shall bring to mind
One A W Yates

June 1867

Infancy

As I trace memory back to its most remote connection with existence I invariably find myself lost in contemplation o'er the simplest things in nature's work. Therefore I see the gross and the fact, the great and the small, the most complicated and the simplest contrivances all ~~complicated~~

My debut was a flickering thought
A little spark some substance caught
Which must have vanished but some care
Settled gently o'er it there

The spark which first on memory
Caught and kindled, still to me
Its faintest ray. In trancient beams
Sparkle though my deepest dreams

I saw the fire blazing bright
And laughed to see its dancing light
I saw a lamp so near me stand
I reached it with my outward hand

The pain which followed O my soul
I poured it out ten thousand fold
In screams which echo dare not mock
A note from bottomless hell shock caught
That passed and I again looked on
Wondering silently and long

I grew from days dull desire
To want for something every [illegible]

Familiar grew all things around
My Mothers smile and fathers frown

Oft I was fondled far too much
Though some swunk from the poisonous touch

Each glittering toy bright and new
Stayed my ~~all absorbing~~ fluctuating view

My rattle box my newest toy
Made music and it gave me joy

Whilst all I wished was there complete
~~[illegible]~~ all forgot I fell asleep

And Mother always seemed so glad
When I awoke. Though cross and bad
As though the waiting had been there
Watching to catch my newest care

Her words were music on my ear
When all besides had failed to cheer
One sound from her sweet soothing voice
Like magic made my heart rejoice
Since time and sorrow changes brought
Still echoing on my silent thought
I hear that voice. or feel the spell
Which memory dearly loves to dwell

Boy Hood

The last dream of youth before waking from childhood to the stern realities of a selfish world. Is the most pleasant retreat on the distant fields of memory.

What a gay world we believed this to be. There was no evidences then why some day we should be dissatisfied with all things, even ourselves.

Every thing then was just right But Alas wants ungratified. Cares without means are ours to drag slow to our last regretting moments

Twas summer day and afternoon
In the gladsome merry month of June
And four o'clock when school is done
The joyful sound has been gone
Yes I am of the happy round
With heart as light and voice as loud
Which mounts the air with roundelay
Listening from the pleasant play
No sadness thought to stay the glee
Circling round that revelry

Little girls lend their sweetest voice
And smiles make that early choice
Which live to gem enchanted hours
Through age immortal shall be ours

Gay rings each sound from dell to hill
On memory long shall echo still
The pines their clustering branches spread
O'er where our homeward pathway lead
And farmer's fields are by the way
Clothed in their summer robes so gay
And here runs a sparkling rill
Murmuring as it leaves the hill
Whilst o'er its banks in clusters lean
The hazel bush and alder green
Whilst near beyond deep meadows lay
Here let us make a short delay
And linger near this lovely scene
And frolic o'er the narrow stream
Whilst the golden moments float
On the stream of childish sport

Yes here behind this rural screen
One little hour one transient dream
A sparkle on memories gathering years
To glimmer sometimes through our tears

But onward rolls the joy fut tide
On which our happy moments ride
Some have cleared the famous stream
Whose waters spread upon the green
Some have smoothed the velvet sod
Where little feet in pride had trod
And some have raised a leafy bower
Which ends the sweet enchanted hour

And Oh that hour yes I would give
Ten thousand worlds again to live
And be the calm contented soul
Whose joys cannot half be told

But hush thou thought why wake again
To bring that half forgotten pain
Long I have lulled the, but too soon
Thy willing hand renews the wound

Those fields of green, those hillsides
There where I spent youths golden hours
In dreams of joy, although the real
Shall live but only in ideal

And though ideal, they are to me
All all that I could ask to be
To dwell beneath young beauties beam
So sweet to me although a dream

But one step from the winding boats
And another we pass the marshy moats
When winding round a towering peak
The village and our missions meet
Here we scatter Each on his way
Homeward from the happy day

Youth

Behold! thou put on the armor and go forth to battle. For there is one against many and many against one.

I watch them as the right contested against might And long long they struggled on And when the one was about to fall Behold there came another which was as beautiful as the rainbow, and cheered him on to battle and victory.

And still I'm in a darkin world
But not in childhood as before
New hopes new joys are here unfurled
Which seems must last forever more

Tis sabbath morn with guarded care
I brush my boots, my only pair.
Perchance a speck of lint adhere
Unto my coat must disappear.
Here's my cravat so smoothly laid
And neck tie wrought of satin braid
All spread before me, though I choose
I change my choice and thereby loose
~~An~~ half-hour e'er my collars trim.
Behold I then must wear a pin.
Which I must ask some friend to place
Within my ruffled shirt of lace
Still thinking, blushing half ashamed
About some damsel here not named
Lest that friend in part might guess
Whilst my fainings tolds the rest.

But now my hat is on at last
Another peep into the glass
I sallie forth but feel the while
But half a man and half a child

Youth

There was once is a rural town.
With me it is of high renown
And though a saintly people dwell
Within its precincts strange to tell
No house to God has raised its spire
No alters burn with sacred fire
But in their midst a little hall
While winter summer Spring ones fall
On sabbath days the people meet
And bring the gossip of the week.

Though oft some traveling divine
Has wracked his holy-thinking mines
To teach that which deluded race
The future need of pressent grace.

Whilst older eyes attentive gaze
On him who teaches wisdoms ways
The younger orbs incesant meet
Cachoot in the style of sheep.

The village girls themselves enhance
In robes of pomp ones elegance.
But then such girls we all should know
At sixteen think they want a beau
And love to sit as oft it chances
Beneath some warm admiring glances.

Young hopeful flies his childish dream
Of moonshine for a brighter beam.
And thinks to join unto his fate
Some fairy damsel for a mate;
Then swings he on his highheeled boot
With stove pipe hat and long sertout
However he feel he shure appears
Hurrying up his infant years.

I sallies forth twas here I went
Believeing I was quite a gent
Hoping one I will not name;
If she were there might think the same.

Now I nimbly stepped up to the door
Twas shut for all were in before.
I paused one moment, quickly brushed
My hair, then bolting in I rushed.

Youth

I did not run, I did not leap:
But dropped into the nearest seat.
And sometime passed ere I could rise
The curtain lift from over my eyes.

An ancient form now leaves his seat
And gazes on us mild and meek
Tells us of worlds he never saw
And what he does and dont abhor:
Of cities with their chrystal walls
Of golden streets and silver halls.

Then pointing out the narrow way
Wherein the real is won
Asks all to do as he shall say
And not as he has done.
Then long he lingers on a theme
Which proves all men are sinners
Though some may listen, others dream
Of home and exciting dinners.

The man of words in wild disgust
Declares his task is over
And to the people from the dust
Rise to meet each other.

"Lord bless my soul. How do you do"
Quite Pretty well I thank you How are you?"

Then to some gossip they give vent.
Each ones character undergoes
A condemnation. Then they direct
Off feeling better satisfied.

But what was said Or done or read
Time dashed along afraid;
And who was there I did not care
I only saw one face.

Me thought it gleamed, at least it seemed
Perhaps it was by chance
To think I'm apt, It gave me heart
An approving glance.

Infatuation dost thou claim
Nature stern will i' counteract him?
Blearly should the breach heart of mine
Bend obedient at his behest?

The moon day sun droops down the plain
With spreading glade begins to wane
As wings he on his western flight
Toward the dusky realms of night.

Fit time to seek some trysting place;
Fit time to woo some fair's face.

Yet better far, for here I roam
With her I love, but dare not own
That such a thought e'er crossed my breast
Still each one knew it was no jest.

O golden moments stay thy flight
Come linger near me as I write;
This last request do not deny
Come let me heave another sigh
And dream again as I attempt
Yet sweeter still. With thy consent
I took thy hand lest thou should fall
And helped thee o'er the tumbling wall.

Though thy companions also placed
Their hands in mine. I could not trace
That kindred feelings sweet control
Which reached the utmost of my soul.

Now when the sun was getting low
And brighter with its fiery glow
The shadows of the trees here made
It dampen as in mighty shade.

Now lest the mammas should complain
Or say "You shall not walk again"
We deemed it prudent to adjourn
And early hours mark our return.

And as we reach the village near
One of one ale drinkers hear.

Youth

As the dusky shades of evening fell
Up-rose the timid whippowil
Whose notes ring near a cottage door
Where gathered now as oft before
Some four or five, a chosen few
With pleasing pastime ever new.

And there was one. O doubly weak!
No pen to mark or tongue to speak
One little word, which can portray
The idol of my boyish day.
Rich heavy folds of raven hair
Waveed gently o'er the fairest fair.
Large eyes whose beam expells all gloom.
And cheeks, wherein the roses bloom;
A lip, where every smile was grace
Reflecting o'er a gentle face.
The cheery dimple, chrystal beam
Of pearly teeth, which peeped between.
Though timmid, still that gentle charm
Would envies jealousies disarm.
Did none to shun but all admire
A hope, a love, a heaven's desire.
Memory immortal dwells with me,
Our resting place eternity.

But I with art may blush to own
That e'er one drop of ink has flown
From off my pen, Or e'er this brain
Should wrack itself, how doubly vain
To find an idea that could show
In fancy, her I. used to know!

Early Manhood

Am I to be thus disappointed I know almost where this is the land I saw in the future where there were so many pleasures spread out waiting for me to come and gather them in
But alas I find it one of the most desolate uncouth places I have yet passed
Oh that I could return to those happy childhood scenes which I have left in the vain hope of reaping a more glorious harvest
But alas the road which brought me here does not return
But when hoary locks shall decks my brow and the load of years shall bow me down And when these limbs grown feeble shall fail to bear me along When all beside foretells decay This heart shall turn to youth and sigh to spend another hour with her it loved

Yes I am severed from the stream
Which sparkled through my boyhood's dream
And lo, the darkest future shows
No place wherein I can repose

Unwelcome gleams Atlantic's tide
Whose prison walls on every side
Tells me too plainly I no more
Can claim those joys I knew before
But bowed beneath a mountain grief
Whose time alone can bring relief

How dim your sun drags through the sky
No more time hastes the moments by
No more I hail the morning beam
Which lights to some frolic scene
But doleful visions o'er me lower
With deepest dread I meet each hour
Through flitting slumber strive in vain
To rest a fevrish thinking brain
And when delusion one moment placed
Me back to joys I rest in haste
To feel around me time to prove
In fitful dreams I may rove

Early Manhood

But fancy heedless fancy straying
And near my sorrows idlely playing
Her smiling holds the golden cup
Of bliss to me that I might sip
When fancy I would snatch the bowl
Same fancy moves it from my hold
Then wildly laughing flies away
Whilst wingless I am doomed to stay
And view the billows which confirm
What I seek but dread to learn

Must I forget my boyhood scenes
My early choice my future scenes
Shall I in meek submission yield
And tamely fly a bloodless field

First let me learn subjection's rule
Or turn misanthrope hope and soul
First let old oceans turbid plain
Forbid my treacherous path again
First let that form and features pass
From memories brightest cherished path
First let that voice which charmed before
Cease its vibrations ever more
Then I will lay all hope aside
Seek nothing all had been denied
And my product earth no more should fill
Her sacks. Nor answer to my will
But on the sea of hopeless woe
Should float or sink to realms below

But there I joined excitements train
And so employed busy brain
Oft there I roamed from place to place
Among a wilder and savage race
And blindly sought some wild affray
Nor heeded danger on the way
There I have seen the distant flame
Where our comrades last remains
Were crisping for one grand repast
Of a cannibalistic mess.

Then with a handful as untame
As me, I dashed across the plain
And wresting from the funeral pile
Returned to mother earth her exiles

Early Manhood

Then there I sorrowed when I saw
The vanquished flee nor call for war
For in the wildness of the fray
My heart forgot the passing day

Yet at home drove my noble Bark
While Arctic's winds blew drear and stark
Beneath the ice-burgs towering peak
Have lulled my care awhile to sleep

For every beast that roams the woods
Though he be wild or tame
Beneath the ocean's solitudes
There lives one near the same
But mighter far are those which dwell
Beneath old oceans heaving swell
And often these from a frail boat
With hardened steel my hand hath smote
Then Hope returns to see me ride
Triumphant o'er the crimson tide

And I have hattled the Seashore
While others o'er their fate deplore.
And silent there I faced the gale
But I have seen the might whale
Go off and leave me steeped in tears
More like my toying childish years

Tis thus I've trained my every feeling
To meet the whirlwinds wildest teaming
And there forget regrets and fears
Which haunt me from my hopeful years

Though time may pass I still must see
The bounding billow of the deep
And o'er the restless waters haste
In the wilder pastime of the chase

Manhood

When half the sand of life had run
I returned to seek my childhood dreams
of gladness. But I found not the real
ones. They had flown with those long lost years

I saw the pines where the red schoolhouse
had stood. But no house was there
Whilst sighing and hollow the wind went
whistling through the old familiar pine grove
I turned away. frightened at the seeming
Recent decay of those things so fresh in memory

And as the village broke familiar on
my view. an instant of those early joys
returned to me. But when I saw those
which dwelt therein I knew it was not the
same. New names and new voices
sounded through the halls where in olden
times I had really met the loved ones And
since had been my dream-land. blessed resort

After Years

Vain vain is life whose transient form
From child to manhood flits along
Perchance we reach the sought for goal
When death extinguishes the whole

I saw the dreamer then awoke
From his sweet sleep and thus he spoke
If this is life where is its power
A weary hour. a wasted hour
And all my mammoth hopes and fears
Are couched within those paltry years

By...

Yes I am alone with naught to bless
No kindred voice, no fond caress
That form I wildly loved before
Lives but in memories distant shore
The hand which mine so fondly clasped
No more I hold all all is past
Those words of music on my ear
Are silent as that distant year
Wherein I lived with a care
And dreamed immortal bliss were there
That kindred heart That gentle brow
My all on earth is nothing now
I clasp about me but in vain
To hold that precious form again

I cannot live I cannot die
My thoughts are wings of madness
And though I seek that lovely grave
My madness kindles and I rave
Beneath the scourge of living woe
Where hopeless grief must overflow
In bitter anguish of despair
Until this heart no more can bear

He arose in silence and he paced
The lonely hall in ruffled haste
Then throwing wide a half closed door
As fain would view the place once more
He wildly shriek'd the worst farewell
And fled within that madning dell

I watched as fled that flying form
In madness wildly dash along
And where the forrest skirts the plain
He vanished, but behold again
He bends him o'er the shallow bank
Of Lethe's stream but o'er he stands
Upon the past he lingering casts
A last a long a farewell look
That haggered face even then so wild
Whatever it saw, one moment smiled
And calling loud his cherished name
As still a lingering hope remained
He wildly prayed that he might sleep
That name from an eternal sleep
Beneath those sparkling waters deep

Then rising calmly gazed upon
Those torrents as they rolled along
Saying I fain that thou should close
Forever over my living woes
But cannot shall not take from me
Those precious gems of memory
Those days when hope and love combined
Bid this now gloomy heart of mine
In happiness long long rejoice
With her, my earliest — latest choice

June 1867

On the ocean again

The time is past The die is cast
Behold the waters blue

Again I ride upon the tide
My native land adieu

Farewell Farewell. 'tis said 'tis done
Before the mighty gale we run

Not fancy This is true

Though oft on memories wing I soar
To fancy what was true before

High o'er the deep we onward bent
Still striving but in vain

To wear a smile and thus beguile
Our thought from inward pain

But though we stream the storm has past
And we the conquerors at least

That wreathing will again

Recall me to the field of woe
To rest where others come to sow

But let me bow to fate just now
And silent wear the chain

Then I will dash the slanderer's track
And love no more the main

For I have been a slave too long
Inuring my heart to sorrows song

Dear Anna shall again
Thy bosome heave another sigh
At parting, And the long good bye

August 6 1867

Oh mock me not in my decline
Mine is a bitter tale
This cheek was once as fresh as thine
Though now so wan and pale
And I have jokes as blithe and gay
Yes I have seen a better day
But let me not bewail
Since fate ordained that I should pass
Through all the grades and this the last

I had a home O could this heart
But speak one half it feels
Or could this pen perform its part
And mark what thought conceals
Then I would paint on emerald page
In glittering form the golden age
Where hope itself reveals
Our cates wish contentments home
On loves immortal pinions borne

Twas not my choice to roam abroad
Alas it seems my fate
To act the life I most abhored
And sorrow when to late
But thus it was I spread my sail
Too soon to meet the coming gale
Nor had I long to wait
Before our ship without a mast
Was driving onward through the blast

I will forbear a lengthy tale
Which only speaks of sorrow
Though none perhaps like me bewail
That life of living horror
Our ship a wreck on ocean tide
Without a mast or helm to guide
Or hope in the morrow
Some complained twas but a sigh
When all seemed waiting there to die

August 1867

And here I pause a space in time
Too gloomy to indite
And if I would these thoughts of mine
Some other pen must write
When fellow men by hunger driven
To deeds that fain would hide from heaven
Why should they then invite
The curious world to lend an ear
And laugh at horrors lingering fear

Of thirty men but one alone
Ever reached his native land
What now I know had then I known
The last one of that band
Had made his bed on a coral reef
And escaped this bitter living grief
But a monument I stand
Of what I was. but hope no more
Sweet home thy blessings can restore

I reached the shore. my weary feet
Now bent toward the scene
Where hope had taught me I should meet
My hearts celestial being
But there behold my cottage lay
A heap of ruins in decay
More like some phantom dream
Where where my heart learned to rejoice
I startled at my own shrill voice

And when at last in faltering strains
I awoke the silent spell
And from my lips one cherished name
In trembling accents fell
I unconcious glanced around to see
For sure it did not sound like me
Where I had loved to dwell
Where I had dreamed immortal bliss
Unconcious of a day like this

August 1867

And near where once that cottage stood
Down by an orchard shade
My little child had left its hood
And the house it had made
But all was still I called in vain
To those I never shall see again
Though then I did persuade
Those blackened walls to speak and tell
Me of those beings I loved so well

But all was hushed, my feble voice
No more the silence broke
For I could see no hopeful choice
The truth itself awoke
A horse-man 'l the ruined place
Unconscious urged his steed apace
I hailed and this he spoke
Is this thy Cabin, and yet thou ask
Wherefore marks this ruined path

Behold ye now the fiery brand
Unto our homes applied
Behold ye now the gory hand
No peace can ever hide
See where rebelious host have trod
No pity nor no fear of God
Has caused them to subside
And many a young life's brightest hour
Has faded like the severed flower

And Davis with his hellish band
All ravages may end
Though vengence drive him from the land
Still that can never mend
Those severed ties which blood has marked
Ruined home or broken heart
Shall hopelessness defend
One peaceful hour ~~from every pain~~ which earth in vain
For those we ne'er shall see again

July 08 92

Echo

I was years ago I remember still
I wandered in the forest deep
To peer from off some naked hill
Or muse beneath its rugged steep

And dream of heaven only named
Within the language of the heart
While fancy wild and pure untrained
Should mount the fabled wings of art

As oft before I raised my voice
In answer to some cheering thought
When lo. I heard a distant noise
Responding to the sound it caught

I paused one moment, but again
My voice reechoed far around
My mothers voice or one the same
Revived that lost familiar sound

In vain I strove again to hear
The voice which lulled my earliest care
And though it seemed that she was near
Some wilder sound came to me there

And after since beneath that steep
I've mused me from the world apart
And musing dreamed that voice so sweet
Was but the echo of the heart

Bil lie

Billie whence that radiant smile
Naught seems to cheer
Others seeming there beguile
Each thought from care

Is it because thou fain would roam
O'er the great sea
And on its waters make thy home
And be with me

And you would act when danger came
In me confide
To battle with the mighty main
And angry tide

And if perchance some treacherous wave
Engulf the sea
Would it soothe you o'er a watery grave
To be with me

Or then forget in that wild hour
And call to me
Expectant of some mighty power
To calm the sea

But knows best but you would shame
The hoarsest brave
And tearless lie the madning main
prepair thy grave

I saw the nature once display
A mountain rill
And from obstruction dash away
A fainting ill

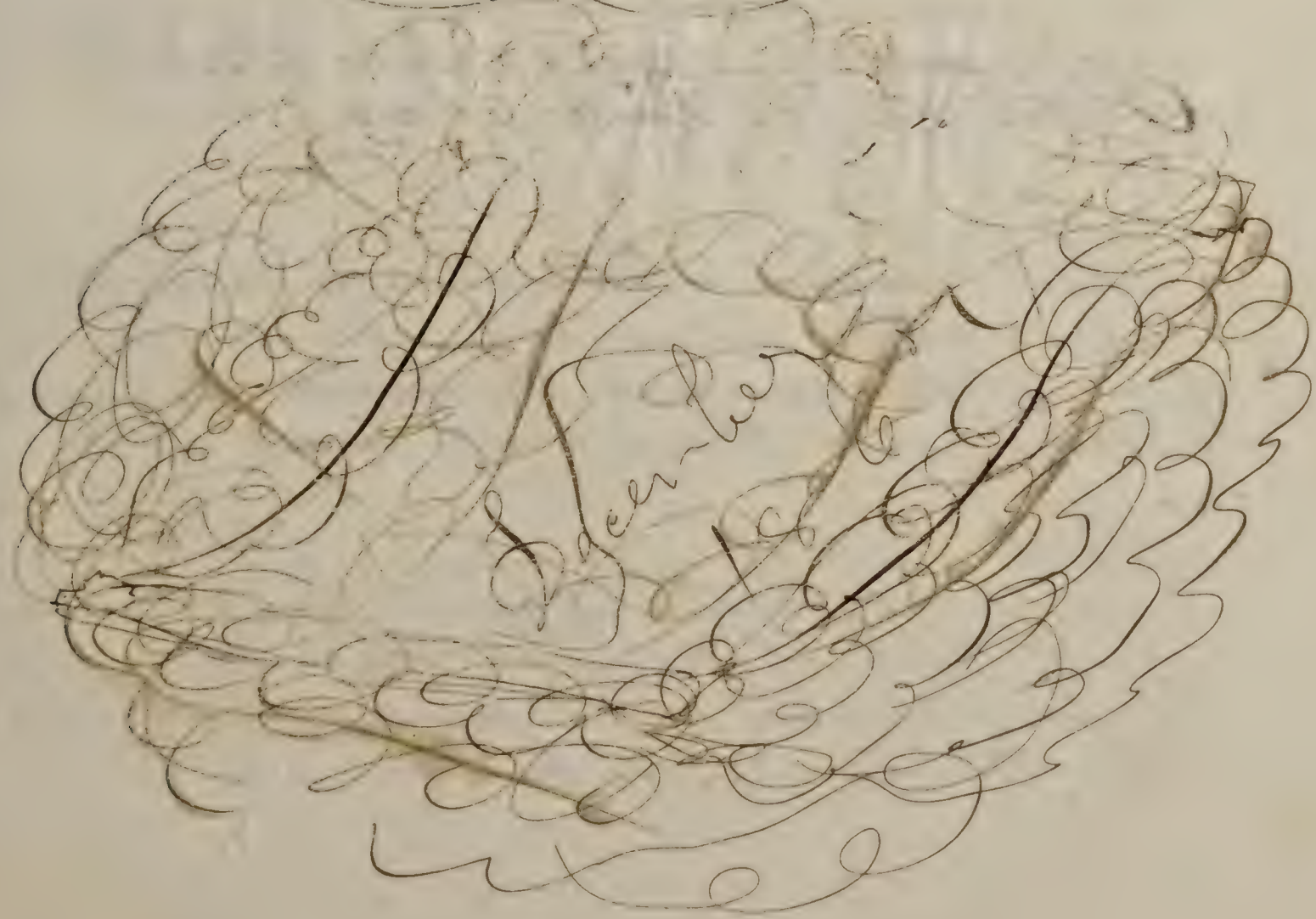
And smothered then a kindling flame
Whose threatening glow
Had blackened our lifes rosey plain
With sad regret woe

Oft here alone I dream that you
Are by my side
Then gaily rolls the waters blue
As on we ride

If you were here no pen could mark
My smallest joy

No sound from the golden harp
Could time obey

The music of this happy heart
Must all employ



October

Think of me

A mighty space A trackless waste
Devides me Annie from thee
But whilst I ride on ocean tide
You'll sometimes think of me

When rosey morn With glowing dawn
Unrobes the day to thee
And golden clouds, the day enshrouds
O then just think of me

When wilot birds sing in happy spring
As praises unto thee
When orchards bloom around thy home
Then keep one thought for me

When summer breaths her breath of ease
O'er hill and verdant lea
Can you declair that joy is there
And never think of me

When o'er the plain is golden grain
When frost unrobes the tree
And autumn bear shall blast the year
O then you'll think of me

When passions throng shall move along
In mirth and revelry
Can in the round thy voice resound
Without one thought of me

When winter blasts shall hurry past
You'll think of the wilot sea
When strains of mirth ring round thy hearth
Thou'lt still remember me

October

I am thinking still of thee

When sorrow gleams through lonely dreams
Wherever thy lot may be
Remember then thy absent friend
Who ever thinks of thee

Though loudly wails old ocean gales
O'er the waters dismally
Though lightning flash amid the clash
I'm thinking still of thee

Oft in the race of life's wild chase
Where victory I see
The golden spoil which crowns my toil
Still points to home and thee

When ice-bergs lifts their towering cliffs
To heavens high canopy
I trace all day my doubtful way
Yet mindful still of thee

God grant at last when this is past
And sun again with me
That luckless day shall pass away
Which calls away from thee

But blest at home. In milder zone
From the far darker sea
I'll dream no more as oft before
Of sorrowing far from thee

November 1867

Haste O haste thou dreary moments

Weary moments speed thy flight
Help me through this darksome night
Onward onward wing thy way
Bear no instant of delay
Let those stages which make the year
Like flashes come and disappear
Outwing the blast O fleeting time
Nor linger here in this dark clime
But haste O haste unto the end
And bring me to my absent friend
Through tempest storm thou shalt not wait
Those wheels of time must not abate
Though all I ever gained were lost
Thou time must roll whatever the cost
For all is worthless that shall send
Me not unto my absent friend
Dark heavy clouds are lowering here
Beyond is visions bright and clear
Come open then recording page
Though time itself were bowed with age
There mark the grate increas of time
Which hastens to that friend of mine
Let others court a dreamless sleep
E'er they expectant friends shall meet
But here I ask my sleep to hide
Times dreary waste or lagging tide
But let me battle to the end
And win me back my absent friend
Then I shall feel when all is done
The tasks though hard I did not shun
And joys which in my absence past
Within my view, beyond my grasp
May all return unto me when
I meet thee Dearest absent friend

May 1868

To Annie Darling

When Spring times newest flowerets
Are blooming, fresh and gay
I stream with Annie roaming
Through meadows far away

When the moon is o'er the ocean
And zephyrs gently glide
I stream that Annie Darling
Would love the dancing tide

What listning to its murmurs
Though lonely it is true
Still there my Darling Annie
Hope ever points to you

When midnights darkest mantle
Hangs o'er the silent sea
My sweetest dreams are straying
Sweet Annie unto thee

Though elements are frowning
And mountain billows roll
I am dreaming still of Annie
And happy days of old

When shades of night are fleeting
From daylight on the main
A white sail in the distance
Booms out upon the plain

A thrill of joy sweeps o'er me
Hope silent oft alone
Taking tidings sweet Annie
From our New England home

When icebergs gem the ocean
I wander my way along
Still Annie's name as ever
Is foremost in my song

But you'll not chide when you hear
By what names I worship thee
Sometimes dear and sometimes darling
Still you are the same to me
Youthful bloom may pass away
Let others watch its slow decay
And sigh at every wilting leaf
To build at last a mountain grief
For better bend upon the plain
Run your good race and off again
Nor stop to view through folies glass
Those fancied walls you cannot pass
Tis not this eye shall mark the change
Nor one dream of love estrange
Yes Annie I'll be unto the end
My Girl my Hope my Dearest friend

I was the gazer

When a twilight poet morn with brightest beam
Awoke to life youth's golden dream
And all my willing eyes could view
Was beauty for the world seemed new
As fancy in itself was true

With all my feinted passions fright
I sweetly gazed each tranquil night
While natures glowing scenes revealed
Her wonders in each roseate field

Gay sunsets fiery beams displayed
The sky in crimson robes arrayed
Whose azure plain dimpling through
With deep clear tints of its dearts flue

Bright from the gates of sunsets golds
Clouds of purple folds on folds
Seemed the etherial realms above
As rosey dreams on wings of love

When joy succeeding joy pursued
A life whose storm could never fade
In visions still I meet again
A fairy form or cherished name
Of friend or mate or mother dear
And almost think they still are near

And when I trace my mothers voice
From whose I first learned to rejoice
I finds me lost in one sweet dream
Drawn in childhoods dancing stream

But when Alas that voice no more
Echoes from memories distant shore
That placid stream with darkness wave
Devides me from a distant grave
Oblivion hems my brightest view
And mocks me when I call things new

I was the most joyless

When manhood first began to dawn
I was unsheltered amid a storm
Rolled to the remote starts amid strear
Ofer my young heart dwarfs deep of fear

I fled as in a stranger land
No kindred care A parents hand
Waves high within the hostile band

On stranger bed I sought in vain
To rest me but the morrow came
With dark forebodings on my soul
Such as this pen has never told.
Nor mortal man has scarce conceived
How much I feared How much I grieved
My heavy heart but ecstasy for home
Some resting place to call my own
But hope rejected back alone

And then the thought occurred to me
That I should span the trackless sea
And seek some land where none could trace
My weary footsteps over the waste

And there perhaps I'd win a name
At least an humble quiet claim
And though I traced the wide world round
Content nor quiet never found

The hope which soothed my youthful heart
Through changes now would not depart
I sought to drown in wild excess
My fondest dream of home and rest

But as the rudest moments fleet
My deepest thought reflecting sheet
An emblem of a happy home
There happy not to be Alone

I was the happiest

When I the circuit of this sphere
Had made through shadows darks and clear
Returning then to bless the shade
Of youth's bright joys which time betrayed

And wandering o'er those cherished scenes
Of boyish hope and early dreams
Which since my muse had often traced
And many a darkroome hour delayed
I caught again that sparks which plays
On memory o'er my youthful days

Not as in youths untutored lay
When aimless joys had wooed my stay
But life with all its changes been
Through past experience sorry dream

And now again twas sweet to pass
A tranquil hour with friends at last

The phantom which had swayed my will
And never never would be still
But filled my soul with vain regret
Had learned me now how to forget

Twas joy to feel once be at home
Twas joy that I was not alone
Twas sweet to hear the only voice
That e'er could make my heart rejoice
Twas sweet twas all I e'er had asked
In the pleasant future or the past

The first and last hope could aspire
Was home and friends. My great desire

My Past

Youth with all its joyes amassed
Are heaped within the distant past
With fancies glowing yet in view
As bright as when I thought them new
Lifes great deeds I planned so wise
Of castles towering to the skies
But on memories path remain
Now oft I trace them back again
Nor times decree Nor plaintive song
Could move them woes I which passed along
Now wandering back could fainly clutch
Those gems which ever mock my touch
And feble limbs are only mine
A victim to the scourge of time

April 1868

From childhood's shade I hear a voice
An echo from the heart's first choice
Sweet notes to me. But still I feel
A pang which time can never heal

Still glancing back o'er memory's train
My soul leaps forth. But O how vain
It never can be mine again

Those guiless years Alas have gone
And vain regrets I drag along
Since all was truth within the past
Which fleet. Now time must ever last

I oft have climbed the craggy cliffs
Whose dusky peaks are lared on high
Defying natures gathering drift
Whose masses on the lowlands lie

And even there on memory
The past comes fleeting back to me
Which rides on fancies widespread wings
And leaves with me ten thousand things

Such as regrets of gathering years
Elevating on retrospections tears

Then to the future looks and fears
I turn me but no visions there
As in the past marks the right way
And another where I went astray

But there upon the wings of doubt
Between me and a deeper shade
Hope spreads her tattered banners out
hastens on the retrograde

To Mary

Yes Mary lingering years have past
And you and I me are not the same
Those fairy visions could not last
And never can return again
Nor would I be what I have been
And trace lifes pathway back to them
Even now the very thought is pain
That wayward life though I were dead
Would hauant me with its liveing dread

But I must tell and it is true
Since those enchanted years are past
This world has brought me something new
Which proves the pearl of hope at last
But still you were a brillient beam
Which sparkled in my boyhood dream
And we were all such youths could ask
Our dolls and toys were thrown aside
To dream of baly and of bride

But somehow we did not aspire
To liveing pledges. We but asked
To stay the march of youthful fire
Whilst in its brighter beam we basked
A ride, a walk, an evening chat
A few sly kisses. What was that
Nothing. But some would call us fast
If they but knew. Mary farewell
Believe me, I shall never tell

March 1868

Some one before our time has said know thy Self. And another has answered well when proposed that if we once know ourselves Then he ourselves.

But I believe it an impossibility for some people even to learn themselves for one day alone. As perhaps in that day perhaps there may be a dozen changes within themselves.

And again perhaps some of us may be a trifling more steadfast And at least it is allowed by all. who are realy wise. that none escape these changes. Though it is hoped by me that I may not (as the one in the following story) change unknown to myself

I love to muse and oft alone
Have wandered when the cooling breeze
Of evening gently streched among
The white oaks and the maple trees

On one such evening when the moon
Rolled gently up the eastern sky
I heard a voice so sweet it stirr
From my cold heart a kindred sigh

And that sweet voice at last was still
When lo another in suspens
Commenced half pleading but at last
Pours out its soul in confidence

Saying yes dear one my youthful hope
Has ever pointed unto thee
Should fate estrange thy gentle heart
A dreary world were left to me

Though earth should lend her newest charm
And pallace halls were to me given
Where beauty spared me not of smiles
Without you t. were a dry heaven

Love in profusion all other joyes
My brightest hope and fairest ease
And waft me here on eastern Spring
Fanned by a gentle tropic breeze

Where golden treasure shower down
For me praises pomp and glory
Still you not have my dearest one
This life would be an empty story

And I through weariness must stray
Regrets toward the end of life
Whilst other hearts around me joyes
This world were one conflicting strife

Some gentle one relieve me from
This wildest suspense and say that you
Will be my angel here on earth
And walk beside me whilst I true
To every word and deed and thought
Shall guide you o'er life's pathway through
When youth and beauty both are gone
Our love shall live and still be new

That gentle voice too sweet to die
Around my heart in echoes cling
It seemed those words were angels words
Bestowed upon the guileless young

With all the truth a loving heart
Can pledge mine pledges unto thee
To cheer in through life's darkest hour
My greatest joy shall ever be

Hand clasped to hand again they told
How love and faithfulness combined
Together on the stream of life
Would soothe the draining drops of time

When night upon its dusky wing
Flapped gently from the morning beam
And over the eastern hemisphere
Flooded twilight's golden stream
Which pressing backs the gates of night
Left day's bright banner there unfurled
To float upon the morning breeze
A greeting to the waking world

Those happy lovers oul fleet
When twilight set her gilded vases
Which glowing in the eastern sky
Reflects upon all trysting places

And thus a few sweet years rolled by
Wherein all nature seemed at rest
They dreamed beneath each others smiles
Believeing they were truly blest

An unkind word at last must steal
Among the whispering notes of love
And deep within the stubborn heart
Each sought their willfulness to prove

First silence followed then neglect
Went on with seeming unconcern
They laughed about their childish love
Which now at last they had outgrown

'Tis their meetings were a pleasure
Which stages reflections roseing bright
And fanned affections dying flame
Which shone upon their early plight

But duty calls the man away
A few short months perhaps no more
That he would hasten to return
And all the love which childhood bore
Rekindled now. The world could boast
No deeper hard felt parting scene
Nor children yet maturer years
Supplants the age of youthful dreams

But oft alone reflection spread
Her out upon unfettered wing
And sailing o'er the crowded head
Declaims the whole a silly thing
And all the horrow pride could bring
To mock the plea which love upheld
But deepened more the blushing cheek
And so the heart itself rebelled

A mutual discord seemed to rise
In equal portion for the two
Without dispute or jealous jar
They changed and silently withdrew

O woman tongue and pen must fail
Which climb to mark the varied trail
As thou appears from natures mould
It were a task quite cast total
But since thy lot with man is cast
The future sleeps & tale the past

Behold thy semblance here portrayed
In silver stream O trusting maid.
Which rambling down the mountain side
Toward old oceans mighty tide
Leaps joyfully onward o'er the earth
Retaining still its crystal worth
Which char'ns its envied mountain birth

But unconciously it finds
Mingling through those deep ravines
A stream has caught its crescent pride
Which deepens and the whole is dyed

Though now you see thy mountain home
Is lost And you are left alone
Where none shall come that will redeem
Thy worth and beauty silver stream

To know thy self O faithless man
Is but to know thou canst not stand

Thy word is but a fleeting breath
Once gone another lie is left

Then ask in whome you shall confide
And choose thyself who aft has lied
And shun each thought which must impart
An idea of thy villain heart

Yet not content thou fain would know
The depth the treacherous soul can go
Then ponder for thy own excuse
Find none and ask a coward's truce

Again aspire to something great
And truly theme thine own manhood

Destruction marks thy mortal way
With wrecks of inocence, dismal ray

A sorrow which haunts thy blackened soul
On thy lone ear must ever toll
All through the day thy woes are nigh
Through night thy horrors magnify

The sorrow which thy deeds have brought
In others dwell within thy thought

O turn not from a gaze which brings
O'er memories hath thy deepest sins
For thou shalt shun thyself in vain
Thou sweet and now must reap again

Then know thyself corruptions mass
But thou canst only know the past

January 1st 1868

The morning dawns No welcome voice
Shall fall upon my lonely ear
To bid my wearying thought rejoice
Thrice happy in the gay new year

Like the wild billows as they roll
Must answer to the listen plain
So shall the accents of my soul
Echo what it feels again

Though as the wild contending sea
Sweet echoes of my thought is here
Which bids me Annie, send to thee
A glorious happy bright New year

But God knows best the bright New year
Has dawned upon a new dug grave
And Sorrows bitter hopeless tear
Has mingled with the change it gave

Tell me what secret dost thou hold
The key of my unrest
And if perchance tis wrought of gold
In after years to bless
This care and toil these anxious fears
With joy unstained by sorrow tears
And by the stranger guest
To have and dwell in a quiet home
Such as I dreamed of when alone

But time alone has power to solve
Our chance is on the wheel
Perhaps for years it may revolve
And long our fates conceal.
Then send such anxious care to rest
And dream of those we love the best
Whilst fortune shall reveal
What nature has for us in store
Then feast or fast who can do more

'Tis her I love the best of all
Who is sad I fear me
Whilst here I roam from spring to fall
O'er the ocean weary
Though oft as now I've pledged before
To ride the traitor wave no more
From her I love most dearly
When parting hours cling to my soul
Still sadning in their onward roll

The first sunshine in the frigid spring

I hail thy glorious light again
With joy which kindles on my sight
And welcome is beam once more
Around the dismal gates of night

In thy long absence none can tell
How time uncheered has dragged along
Where sleep has lost its charm to soothe
Where nature mingles right with wrong

So thy continued presence here
We cannot claim exclusive right
Since tis thine to cross the tropic sea
And break the great antartic night

Blessed is the land which fell beneath
Thy summer pathways rosey stream
And blessed are those whose better fate
Should fall beneath thy lasting beam

Let fancy climb to latitudes
Where months of darkness drag along
Then dream how joyful you could bless
The first bright beam of rosey morn

It is no marvel then that we
In clothes of skin too heavey clad
To see the summer king arise
Should ever find our hearts were glad

February 28/68

December 1868

It seems as slight a dream that I
Had lately passed from ocean strife
And found beneath my native skies
A home in happy quiet life

I jogged when the whitened sail
Unfolding down from gaslet free
Was spread before the frolicsome gale
Which threatened along our home coast lee

Again I'm here look about me
See those snow capped heaps of ledges
Below zero, here counts forty
Temperance freezing, where's the pledges

Look the tide mark high and low
Bare as bars in massive windows
Think who shall reach. I just know
See and feel just how the thing goes

Yacht-tars, by george, see them stringing
Seeking something who can guess
Some are going others coming
Some are wrangling what a mess

Yet others singing now and then
Boast themselves not common sailors
But stilt in fact to make them men
Must multiply them into tailors

If there once but here excursion
Rules the topic of the day
Tailors blame them on aversion
Jours each thought which turns that way

Knight, of the Goose I must convey
Thy smallness Let me not declair
But only blush and point away
Unto the Presidential Chair

From this digression let me go
Conform the tailors I'll go back
To seek the ice and Esquimaux
The trail I first began to track
x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

In Artic drear and frigid clime
Young manhood once I saw decline
And day by day sink deeper still
Till form grown weaker than the will
Sealed at last the unfinished race
The will to bring eternal peace
The form if hid from beasts of prey
In time perhaps will waste away
Not as beneath a warmer sun
When scarce the breath of life is done
The clay must take a putrid form
Over which the loathsome worm may swarm
But here perhaps it should escape
The prowlers paws and vultures beak
Through many a month it may retain
Its semblance till some life the same

But why should I thus strive to tell
Of something all must know as well
This meet that I my pen confine
To changes of the present time
And leave behind the mass of dead
To moulder on their rotten bed
Whilst we bestow our latest will
On those we pray are living still

Though age creeps on we ever find
Our hope still flating on with time
Which soon must bring our hoarded gain
Our castled hopes and boasted name
To moulder by an humble grave
Where soon oblivions mighty wave
Rolls over all. Then no one there
If asked could tell we ever were

Yet men still claims another sphere
Where time shall roll but leave no fear
To mark decay. An endless year
Shall fill eternal space and bring
That better life. Eternal spring
Oblivion then is but a dream
And Lethe too a fabled stream
A Land of stories yet unseen

March 1868

For better choose and love but one

Some ninety of a hundred I
Here found will never be alone
But first to join the high or low
And fail to find a favorite one

Though strangers in themselves must bring
Vain hope The nurslings of an hour
Which tries to love the newest thing
But yields at last to passions power

When victory crowns the greatest wish
And all we ever asked is done
The hope which now completes our bliss
Shall link our fates to one alone

But if desponding instinct seem
Drooping o'er some lonely doom
Uprising hope flies to redeem
A heart which long must love but one

O Thou immortal Gods who holds
Powers unlimit And controls
Ten thousand worlds still at thy wills
Numbers countless deeds were done
Make this my hope immortal still
To cling eternal unto one

Shall I retrace with sinking lines
The theme so often done in rhymes
And again the same old story tell
To ocean of my last farewell

That I shall love in future years
To mount the path which memory rears
And sailing on the leaning tide
Majestic again I ride
Whilst through the blast with spreading sail
I fly triumphant with the gale
Frolicking in the lowering storm
So recklessly I dash along
Perchance to mourn departed scenes
Which in memory wildly gleams

Though milder scenes may yet recall
Me while the gentler zephyrs fall
While the orange trees wanton bloom
Between me and a tropic moon
And fairy forms flit round the bower
To lend their charms enchanted hour

When oceans greatest joys pervade
And memory brightens in parade
Let hope return while not alone
I bless contentments happy home

May 26th 1865

Weather dull and hazy Ship Daniel Webster takes her anchor and proceeds to sea bound to Davis Straits on a whaling voyage

On board of good craft I feel Yates find myself anticipating a long dreary voyage

But so has been this life to me whilst through its many changes I have ever been hopeful that some day I should rest from oceans wild turmoil. as of old

I wandered once how wild and free
O'er meadows long ago
Where the Butterfly so merrily
O'er the waving Grass and flowers flew
Flapped cheerily and slow

I wandered once along the brook
With fishing rod and line
And joyed when the wild trout took
The fly.—the ambush of my hook
And hailed that trout as mine.

I wandered once in autumn dear
Through the majestic grove
And nature lent her mildest cheer
Whilst arm in arm with one most clear
I sought life's charm to prove

I wandered once from place to place
In steamboat and in car
Till weary of a useless chase
Which brought me nothing in the race
And so I wandered far

I wandered o'er this world. How vain
Yet hopeful all the while
O'er milder sea and rugged main
I hied me onward still the same
As fancy lures the child

I wandered through those lengthened years
How careless and alone
Haunted by those phantom fears
That fed upon a fount of tears
Which gathered there unknown

I wandered back where from afar
My first young hope arose
And yet beheld ~~that~~ little star
Though left by times reflecting car
On memories dim repose

Though time had placed her changes there
I lingered to behold
Some one of all which might declare
I was not dreaming in despair
In the land I loved of old

I wandered then where ocean roar
Nor tempest's wildest moan
Was on my ear Nor mad lee shore
Could haunt nor startle me no more
And I was not alone

Now here behold the meadows flow
Around my cottage door
Each midnight claims to be a moon
More glorious than of yore

But now again the surges wave
That half forgotten rose
And bitterer still the heart must ache
Since hope seems willing to forsake
Me wherever I go

Each morning sun is welcome here
More welcome to departed
In midnight slumbers I dispair
Mid phantom fears which never were
Although they wound the heart

And thus I flit from stange to stange
O'er lifes uncertain path
Through fancies bliss and desert range
Whilst vague suspens the heart estrange
A tear a mimic laugh

May 21st 1865

O what a time our greenhorns are having
I can well imagine how they are disposed too
to feel towards those about them. They scarcely
believe they shall submit to the comes and goes
of a discipline from which there is no retreat —

These lordly landsmen once so strong
Are bowing low. With courage gone
The foot and after they disclaim
While sickness shivers through their frame
And dull regrets flash from the past
Where hope is hidden now at last
They listen to wild ocean roar
But find no exit no back door
Each stern command which calls away
Brooks not one instant of delay
Ambition looses all desire
Which had sought for stations higher
But one least wish can now remain
Which asks not gold nor heir's fame
But through the darkness of the gloom
Hope only asks for friends and home
Yet every instant adds to thought
Pen pangs which folly self has wrought
And the sore heart but asks one more
To burst and perish in its gore
A vain regret — they cannot speak
Though felt in ebbing pulse which beat
As some great wrong or great desire
The worm which dies not in the fire

Thus I have felt and why not these
Who lately ventured o'er the seas
I lived and conquered all my ills
And so may these with sterner wills
Though hard the task I broke the spell
Whose charm doth bind me yet to well
Whilst in higher grades I shall advance
And prosper somewhat with my chance
The planets collect within their sphere
I wandered from my childhood home
And yet in youth my heart held dear
Were lost since I had learned to roam
Though through my dreams they still were near
To ask me why I roamed alone

Who like the woodman on the hill
Had toiled through seasons wet and cold
To find at last - through his self will
Had wearied over a mine of gold
Whilst still he dreamed that he was blest
Whose languish from had known no rest
But like a warrior ever bold
Had spent his days in blood and toil
Whilst others revelled in the spoils

But one time when the spring was o'er
And summer flowerets lined the shore
I strayed me from those absent years
And bemished all my hidden fears
And blessed again as once in youth
My super age. of hope and truth

Were as I muse o'er life's rough way
Through vain regrets for hours I stay
To dream how happy I have been
With the little given unto men
Though I may grieve o'er wasted years
I cannot vent my woe in tears

And as I muse no pen shall mark
The gushing torrent of my heart
Away thou thought why o'er me flit
Leave me - then I may forget

June 1865

Perhaps dear Annie you just now
Are by yourself and think of me
And wonder how I pass the time
Which must seem long upon the sea

Now as dark ocean spreading plain
Dashes mock all hope of interview
Let me just write my fac-simile here
And sometime send it unto you

Then to begin I'm just from deck
Where sleet and rain and tempest blow
I've locked myself in my state-room
And mean to spend an hour below

This little room of mine you know
With all my fixings is just right
My seat that for an easy chair
With pen and ink to seek delight

A skylight through the snowy deck
Just serves to drive the dark away
A side-light from another panel
Flickers faintly through the day

There hangs a case for brush and comb
And looking glass whose pure reflection
Tells me the form reflected there
Is a thing remotest from perfection

By it hangs my old cloth coat
By that stub my hat and slippers
Whilst over my berth in trusty rack
Hangs my rifle and six shooters

Then here am I with pen in hand
Not altogether serious
Though oft I think of home and you
I scribble for the curious

And from this pen let us be sure
Nothing flows which is deceptive
Though feeling is the nearest truth
Still seeing is believing

July 30th 1865

The Ship Daniel Webster was that day just out of the ice packs where she had been since the 4th of same month.

It being Sunday I did not intend to have work much account doing on said Sabbath.

But as every thing was out of place I thought I would set things snug for coming weather &c. Therefore I set up the heel digging and in doing so one of our men (John Armstrong by name) was at work with the hands. About 2 hours see all things to rights and I went aft and was walking the deck.

At four bells one of the men came to me and says there it was: Johns wheel and he could not be found. I told them to look round and they would soon find him. But they soon came to me again. This time I called all hands and gave the ship a thorough overhauling but the last was never seen afterward.

Now the weather was calm and still. And in that pure air I could have heard a jack knife had it fallen over board. And how this man could have disappeared is more than I can account for.

Right before 10 or 12 man yet no one saw nor heard no nothing to cause suspicion.

But the mysterious and silent way he departed from our company leaves us in the wonder of an unsolved problem.

Once when it seemed a gentle sleep
Was resting o'er the placid deep
While through the air so pure and clear
The gentlest sounds must find the ear
Yet though so still a human being
Passed from our midst, unheard, unseen

Deep in the caverns of the sea
Are vaults of darkened mystery
Where perhaps the prowling whale
May shun the tumult of the gale

Would we as none has done before
Those secret chambers too explore
We might perhaps returning tell
The secret of some hidden cell
Wherein that body cold and dead
May waste upon its coral bed

Whose friends may long and anxious wait
For him. But never learn his fate
Yet a place in the church-yard save
Beside a Fathers or a Mothers grave
Whilst to memory each year shall bring
New doubts upon hopes drooping wing

What pen shall mark that hopeless fear
Which calls for help when none is near
And who shall date that drop of time
When past and future both combined
Rolls on mem-ries distracted waste
A glimps from youth to age imbraced

Each deed each thought of life before
Fresh in that instant to live o'er
As gathered in one mountain wave
To break and mingle o'er the grave
Whose waters then received in tears
As gathered from our earthly years
To leave the whole one joy or pang
As thy reward O heedless man

Dear Father, Hearth and Home to you
May pleasure in thy path awaite
To cure you from temptation through
Unscathed to the final gate

The words I mark ring clear to day
Out o'er the caverns of the sea
They echo and echo away
And leave their foot prints this for thee

Whilst round me roars the angry blast
Troubling o'er the swelling tide
And bears the great and sturdy mast
In wild confusion as I bride

One moment through the vaults of heaven
Amidst the roar flaps the white sail
As down the ocean vally driven
Below the turmoil of the gale

And near as towering o'er the wave
The ice-berg summit meets the sky
And round its base the waters rave
As asking us to come and die

And oft through these we take our chance
Sowing such joys let come what will
Sink or swim we must advance
Sweet days ~~now~~ gone I love thee still

Yes even now I love those days
Of pleasure which to me was given
I view the past as but their graves
And memory as their souls in heaven

Restile vain memory for you are
Dull clouds which darken o'er my home
And egot one which shall gather there
Lids but to miseries onward roll

I trace me back o'er the long past
Which to the future I combine
And there behold a field so vast
I fain would seek the ends of time

Awake delusion peace to man
Do thy distinct wilds O Michigan
Let grain in plenty swell your store
Still more bounteous than before
Let gossip cleave to the babbling tongue
And peace triumph with young and young

But whales we seek,- and yet believe
Though we perhaps ourselves deceive
But none like us upon the tide
In skiff or daring side by side
Has like us dyed the crimson flood
Or sooner found the monsters blood

When Northeast is his mighty wain
The white foam reekens o'er the main
Deal on deal mounts high the air
Proving the victors who have figured there

Such scenes have long enchanted me
For this I seek the wilds wide sea
And love to haste high o'er the deep
Over watery waste with flowing sheet

Dear to this heart is the wilds chase
Enchantment binds me in the race
My soul leaps at the thrilling sound
Of there she blows. Or homeward bound

July 1865

Yes truly I am here alone
And none more dearly loves his home
Did I my willing sentence pass
Or was it fate which bade me flee
And foreordained this woe to me
Perchance through weary life to last

Let me alone endure the sting
Whilst hope rides on a drooping wing
Then Annie Darling unto thee
I oft may turn from hopelessness
To dream you dwell in happiness
A lonely hour thus cheer for me

Words are but air forced into sound
Whose echo kindles far around
Then do not say remember me
But share this living faith of mine
Which rolls beside the car of time
And ever points me unto thee

If I could gaze beyond the sea
From whire I roam to look on thee

And find you cheerful day by day
Then I should claim that I was blessed
And share with you that happiness
Communeing through the far away

This life cannot forever last
The future soon must be the past

And then Dear Annie you and I
Although in unity we moved
And loved as none has ever loved
Must part if parting is to die

Perchance this world should pass away
Yet leave one spot one endless day
And that to me and you were given
Whire we could bless the God who gave
A future whist could fear no grave
Oh surely that would be a heaven

And so it is

Well well I'm here But often this
I dreamed when blessed at home
But laughed I at the silly thought
Of wandering yet alone

This self same dream that binds me now
Its loneliness foretold
And warned me of this precsent day
And agony of soul

And folly laughed at all the fears
Which honest thought could bring
And painted days of happiness
On fancies fleeting wing

This lazy life is not the style
For such uneasy ones as me
But now I'm here I strive to while
The hours away. So let me see
What pastime will this brain invent
While time rolls with its own consent
I cannot go and climb a tree
For trees are strangers. Who would go
Up those mountains of ice and snow

Nights are long and rather rough
When frost is nipping on the nose
Sleep is a wholesail quite enough
Shivering shivering nearly frozen
However something must be done
In these we days from sun to sun
And I suppose and I suppose
To exercise the body transfer
The mind. Within the gossip rabble

Some resort to euchre playing
Some will write while others read
Some for other sport are straying
I cannot say if they succeed
If so all right If yes go on
Man is man through right or wrong
The verse proclaims O yes indeed
But blame me if I never see A
Man is man who tries to be A

But take us all in all our sport
Is a dull unseasoned mess
Though every one is on the go-it
Time is dragging nevertheless
Our pantaloons off-get unseated
We then must hatch and keep secreted
But how I feel don't never guess
One guess would be a bent to deal
To compound with this come and go

Could You Dream

Dull hope - How true claims reason shows!!
In thee - How far our folly goes
And whilst you are but fancies whilst
Need we complain. When you so wilst
Allures us as thy wing so wilst
Could we recall those hopes again
Of youth - though nearly they were vain
Uprisening faith again might soar
Love should flee her wing once more
Death should fly its natal shore
Revealing all to that desire
On whose alters we admire
Union with the heart and soul
Dreaming friendship - not of gold
Rolling in loves shining car
Early hope as seen afar -
As castles built on airy plains
Moulst in the future ale our gains
Hold thy peace idle dreaming
Out cast of a thoughtless meaning
Wherefore ale this vain deceiving
Darlings, are you Darlings though
Even Love shall answer no
Are you angels. Let him tell
Nearly who has loved you well
You or we thought young or old
Our fancies with the loving mould
Unto the hours past and gone
Annie Dearest I return
Reminding there hopes as dear
Even though thyself were near
To cheer me with that music voice
On memory dits my early choice
Wakes not one instant to persuade
Even from the choice I made

Do I feel happy here alone
Frozen in this ice and snow
My treasure in another zone
I answer yes I answer no
For oft I love to think of home
And often too am sad and lone
Which is not happiness or woe
Therefore we nurs the dullest cheer
And shun to dream of dread or fear

But often I forget the space
That stretches over the mighty main
And thought must run a fleety race
To pass it never return again
For oft my soul with rapture soars
To Annie on those distant shores
Then throbs the heart in milder strain
As dew upon the wilting flower
Resumeing luster in the shower

When fancy gathers all her toys
Shineing from the mould of wishes
Of fairy maids and cupid boys
Of silver lakes and golden fishes
When thus my heart forgets perchance
To count the moments in advance
As weary fingers o'er its stitches
Then could I mark one word to tell
Those moments which I love so well

It is as though my every wish
Was hoarded through a thrilling life
My ruling passion's favorite dish
And victory in contested strife
Removeing all those phantom fears
Are moments worth a thousand years
Which brings to me those beauties rife
And dreams of pleasure fresh and new
As sweet as though they half were true

Acrostic

Dark and fearful over the deep
Sound the tempest raging.
Around me with the elements
Oceans wars are waging
Remembrance sounds her call
Ready then the muses
Leapes unto being and their
Dearest pastime choose
In the dark and lonely hours
Gloomy thoughts are stealing
No voice from the present
Returns a kindred feeling
Gathering still some vain regrets
A fancy evokes in
Calling to the drooping spirit
Now mount the mystic wing
Out then upon elusion
Through airy pathway soar
Unlocks the vaults of pleasure
Hopes hoarded wealth of yore
Laurel wreaths are here to place
On beauties ever brow —
Dearest to the youthful heart
Perchance the clearest now
In rosey fields and meadows
Enraptured time rolls on
Know then we find those raptures
As music to a song
Not ocean rolling billow
Need scare us by the way
Our muse is the voice of spring
Dear hope the queen of may
Which dwells in a castle wrought
High in the air to day
Time marks no dear Beauties bran
Enthroned in fleeting car
Heaven is painted by the lead
And sparkles from afar
Enveloped in such fancies
Love dreams of youth again
Roaming with the dearest one
To fancy still the same
Early hopes and joyes return
Hailing glorious day
Waking from the silent past
Rents the fear away

Although so brief our dreaming
No truant thought is there
Sorrow finds no willing fear
To link itself with care
All those fairy dreams of mine
O Annie is with thee,
Heaven and the angel world
Moulds no such joys for me
Eternal are those better thoughts
Youth gathers in its spring
All beside may fade away
Death, these can never sting
Vain must be the weary soul
Engulfed without repose
Even though those fleeting dreams
All happiness enclose
Now onward to the future
Rolls retrospections stream
Farewell to gloom and sadness
As that is too a dream
Our pleasant has no visions
No hope or future woe
Remembrance though has sadness
None can shun to know
Yet doubts and hopes are many
In all to make us sad
Oft though our idle fancies
Enslave us with the lad
Yet still we claim the blessing
Of dreaming we are glad.

I Am

" " " "
"

The stars which decke the evening skyes
Are sparkling brightly new
With all those beauties there on high
I am thinking on of you

How gentley here the zephyrs sweep
Over the unruffled sea
I love to roll along the deep
Whilst musing on of thee.

The storm king riding on the blast
Sweeps onward wild and free
One prayer I utter to the least
Shall dream dear on of thee

Here victory oft may claim applause
And praises from the many
Though I rejoice it is becoms
I will also please my Annie

God grant though I may stray alone
Through Dangers dark and drear
That joy may linger still at home
With Her I hold most Dear.

Life is Dear

A Monarch high upon his throne
His word a law: his look a frown
Deems death a plaything of his own
And pity but an idle sound

When then the mighty king of kings
Shall sound the death call on his ear
With faltering tongue and trembling limbs
He cowardly owns that life is dear

When o'er the bloody field of strife
Rides on the warrior without fear
As there the dying cling to life
He owns like all that life is dear

When in our glowing days of youth
We see in some succeeding year
When life has faded from its truth,
A death to welcome not to fear

But time rolls on And dull decay
Proclaims youths killing day is near
But we as then, so fond to stay
In age as youth this life is dear

December 1865

My little one. When you shall grow
To choose the calling learn to know
That fancy paints. Youth's glowing morn
In faded colors yet may-born

And I like you was once a boy
And swayed with fancy her cating-
Whose poison-stile is seeds of strife
Expectant through a wasted life

As day passed off by twilight fleece
When nature settles into rest
When hushed were voices And the trees
Wavered in the midnight breeze
And I upon my pillow sought
To rest me from my early sport—

Then fancy flapped her gaudy wings
And brought me all her pretty things

With paint and brush in skilful hand
Portrayed the beauties of and land
As spreads beyond the great wide sea
And a whisper said it was for me

Then I beheld with wings so white
Sail through the darkness of the night
A mammoth sail on the dark wave
Manned with the joyful and brave
I view them as they onward clash
While lightnings in the waters flash

Thus fancy painted scenes divine
And fully subject this heart of mine

I looked upon the rose and leaf
Which hid the bitter thorn beneath

Those wings so white in tropic breeze
Will rend in more tempestuous seas

Those wild delights the mind creates
Fraught with the masters stern mandates

He bade the free become as slaves
Bound by oceans spreading waves

The glory that we thought to find
The fancy of the youthful mind
Fades as the snow-flake when the sun
Shall meet it ere its flight is done

In after years if you like me
Shall learn to roam the distant sea
Like me perhaps, when none shall know
The darkness of thy silent woe
Shall vain regrets lurk on thy path
Time mocking with its mimic laugh

Remember then, But O too late
It was thy choice Not a fate

New years day of 1866 shall be the date wherein me and tobacco shall dissolve copartnership after being connected in a business way for 12 years. In this eventful day I dedicate the following lines

Farewell old weed - I must give o'er
Thy charm. Too long I was thy slave
Where oft I doubted you before
now I mark each pang thy poison gave
though thy lingering charm may tempt me yet
But I shall conquor and forget
And thou shalt find an outcasts grave
Returning thus from whence you came
Where earth no more shall know thy name

though
~~But~~ man with hosts may conquor hosts
And shake a kingdom to its base
The greatest victory he can boast
Over mortals of the human race
Is to subdue his own self will
And zealous to be cheerful still
Health and temperance keeping pace
Then he is blessed who can controls
Himself and every impulse moulds

When I was young

When I was young no vain regret
No moments sad and lone
No care nor want my path beset
Nor had I learned to roam

When I was young And yet those days
Have scarcely passed away
On memory still they linger near
As echoes from the day

When I was young Those little words
Are mountains every one
Of vain regrets from early days
And mystery yet to come

When I was young But let it pass
We cannot now recall
Those hopes we built in spaceless air
Then leave them as they fall

When I was young But since no more
That title I can claim
I yet shall ride on fancies wing
And think I feel the same

Midnight

'Tis midnight here I sit alone
And loud the wild winds roar
Yet though they howl let fancy roam
To scenes unknown before

Fearful clouds in sinuous roll
En masse here on high
O with the furies let me hold
A banquet in the sky

The lightnings leap in liquid flame
I hear the whirlwinds voice
The thunders quake far over the main
And through it I rejoice

My spirit finds no wilder scenes
Than its own self shall share
For oft I strive in fickle dreams
To ride upon the air

And yet the wild in other forms
Is beautiful to me
I love to shield them from the storms
Which sweep along the sea

I love to muse of Annie Dear
When loud the wild winds moan
And think perhaps she sleeps from fear
And dreams me still at home

Oft here I wonder when the stars
Look down on me alone
If Annie from the worlds chi jars
Could see them from her home

Midst this commotion Annie Dear
Out in the great unknown
My fancy whispers you are near
Or dreaming me at home

In the spring of 1866. I in the good Ship Daniel Webster was frozen in the ice off Harison Face. Cumberland Inlet. Early in the same spring the main flaw broke away and left the water within 200 yds of the ship. And a large number of whales came in the offing. Now no one on board of the vessel could doubt otherwise than we should obtain a bounteous cargo and be at home early in the season. On the sixth day of May we cut the ship out and took one whale. On the seventh the young ice made and left us helpless until the season was passed.
In those expectant days the following lines were written

I am desolate sad and lonely
A double portion is for me
I wandered but I wandered only
To reap a harvest from the sea

I was cheerful yes hopeful cheerful
While fortune lingered on my view
I dared not think I then was fearful
Though fortunes treachery I knew

Then came a fancy over me stealing
All my doubting cares away
I saw the deep rich mines revealing
And onward rolled the harvest day

When hope high on my vessions soaring
And fortunes gates swung open wide
I saw the golden treasure pouring
As torrents down the mountain side

I saw within the ice bound region
An open sea A polar basin
And in it swam the oily legions
I spread my sail the monster chasing

Ere I could take my new position
My ripling sea no more was seen
Whilst I saw my new condition
Fortune cried a fickle dream

When Poetry is gone so the the muse

Lonely watching Shadows falling
Dark and restless still the same
Silent memory too is calling
What we never can see again

Recollection once endearing
Bid the drooping spirit rise
To soar away on fancies pinion
Through retrospections dusky skies

Where youthful fancies had painted
Dreams which never come to pass
Then learn we, fate has been appointed
Lifes varied paths ale meet at last

Ruggest mountains are before us
Doubts ahead and hope behind
Fleeting years are passing over us
Fainting weary thus we climb

Hope has faded, Life desponding
Mocking fancies wildest dream
Calling back, loves gayest morning
Memories brightest cherished scene

Many castles. Many schemings
Youth and hope dies once poetry
But behold those fairy dreamings
Only come to pass away

The Grandfathers Story

One Autumn month I took my gun
And hired me for a day of sport
Among the fethered fowls that swam
On the mill-pond in negligence
And there I lingered though the sun
Announced that day was thro'ly done
And twilight marching in advance
Left me with night too long before
I reached my distant cottage door

My path led near a mansion fair
And o'er it waved some stately trees
I paused one moment to behold
The moon-beams dancing thro'g their leaves
A merry voice broke on my ear
So sweet so plaintive once so near
I durst not stir nor hardly breathe
And there I heard a tale of strife
Of love of hope a shattered life

Beneath those trees the shadows swell
While plays the zephyrs of the night
Natures we Angels guarding sleep
So listless in their mild delight
And here a sound my ear decoys
Me thought to sweet for human voice
Though near night's mantle noticed my sight
It said Grandfather, will you please
Tell a story — I will not tease

An old man said, my darling child
As long ago as I am old
There was a boy though gay and wild
He nevertheless was kind and bold
His roguish ways did not escape
The vengence of a fathers hate
Which in this tale shall not be told
I would not that thy guiless heart
Were touched with the cruel part

He had Brothers and Sisters too
I wish that you had Emma Dear
But this chill and falling dew
So gathering fast upon us here
It is not wisdom thus to stay,
And see the seed of life decay
While hopelessness might laugh at fear
And though I bravest, through life's long blast
Of all my hopes, you are the last

That father by a blazeing fire
Sat in his easy chair one night
The little ones did all aspire
To win a favor in his sight
And all succeeded well, but one
And him of cours the rest must shun
Though he had strove with all his might
To be as good and honest as they
Was scorned and driven from the play

His little hopes would oft revive
In dreams of sunny days to come
His mother then was still alive
The only friend he yet had known
And when the fathers angry voice
Forbade his young heart to rejoice
He sought his mother She alone
Could bid his throbing heart be still
In soothing accents to her will

When he was born his father gave
The name of Charles unto his son
A name fair o'er a clear friend's grave
Whome he wished to honor and mourn
But sin had learned to hate that name
A father, what man could do the same
And hate a child, much more his own
In vent his hate in low mean sneers
And feast his eyes on infants tears

No tongue can tell no pen can mark
One shadow of that helpless gloom
Which saw that mothers form depart
Forever to the silent tomb
The smothered anguish of his grief
Unsympathized might seek relief
And only finds himself alone
With selfish world all afraid before
Death had only closed the door

Keen blew the wind o'er wood and plain
Rolled in the distant Autumnal skies
Struggling onward as though it fain
Would end the circuit there begun
In yellow robes the trees were bowed
As mourning Summer in a shroud
Whose rose & lilac the frost had stung
And left them withering black and sere
For winter's self would soon be here

On such a morn there might been seen
A homeless boy with naked feet
With cotton shirt and trouser thin
Where want might boast herself complete
A stranger in a stranger land
A lad like this could not command
A place among the clean and neat
Whilst oft his little heart would fain
Do aught ambition would prevail

He paused before a rural gate
Which opened towards a cottage home
A lady smiling did not wait
For words, his hopelessness to own
But bade him in to rest and warm
And asked him whether he was going
So lightly clad and yet alone
And Charley said to find a friend
My future shall be a recommend

This lady was a sailors wife
Her husband then upon the sea
Where he had passed most of his life
Relenting in his hard decree
The little months he knew at home
Were joys which are only known
Expectant through adversity
And with indulgence strive to pay
The helpless doubts of yesterday

Yes every pleasure that the mind
With brain and study could invent
What love and wealth might help to find
The heart and present to content
Were gathered round their happy board
Joys of a two years hoard
And friends around her glad sent
Their own good will in cheerful voice
With the joyful to rejoice

And when this wandering boy become
A suppliant before her gate
She heard the little stranger name
The reason why so cold and late
So thinly clad and yet alone
In stranger land and there unknown,
Then Charley ventured to relate
His mothers death. How all beside
To cheer the orphan was denied

And then she told him he should be
Her little boy and have a home
That some day he might live to see
Where in God blessed him this to roam
And then she dressed him neat and warm
In clothes her own little boy had worn
For she had lost a little son
And Charley now should even fill
The lonely place he left so still

The sailor from the southern sea
Browned beneath a tropic sun
Once more returns. How glad is he
To find and bless the absent one
And Charley hailed the joyful day
And tried to be as glad as they
Here let me tell how they become
To be great friends. And mammoth schemes
Came into being, through Charleys dreams

But leaving such childish notions
And those early dreams of pleasure
Whilst the Captain returns with the ocean
To meet the fair and stormy weather
Here Charley saw with heavy heart
His friend and noble pride depart
Which left him scheming at his leisure
How some day he would plow the wave
And be a sailor just as brave

The next two years he went to school
And followed on in wisdom's train
Conquering problems, mining rules
But still his fancy sought the main
And every thought he did possess
Went again to that one address
But here the Captain comes again
Her joyful tears were hid away
For life had blessed another day

Those lovely hours old time had opened
Now seem to mount some fleetly wing
And onward rolled the gay appeal
Until comes the parting hour will bring
And Charley jilted as day by day
Time hastened on and fled away
And he forgot each fair lovely thing
That he had loved since he thought he
A sailor now. My glad was he

From Boston harbor down the tide
With bouncing breeze a ship had sailed
The noblest of all. The rovers pride
Where art over nature had prevailed
On her deck stood our sailor boy
For the mate had picked all hands ashoy
No favorite there could be distailed
Each man must know his place to fill
To come or go To anothers will

The ship began to pitch and roll
Some clam their eyes and some their luck
The inner man. brooks not controll
Whilst liver and all seems comeing up
Sea legs are missing Charley rolled
When he could not crawl holdy hold
At last he reached the water butt
And swallowed one of Adams alf
Then how wheat like Jonahs whale

And then he wished he was at home
The sailors life might go to, pot
He never again would think to roam
So very bold. when I was not
I was every fine to talk and reach
But this was misery indeed
And ever fleet upon the spot
But then he said I'll whine no more
Since yet I all my native shore

And he conquered though the task
Was sick and sore. Yet well he knew
Those ills could not forever last
Therefore he tried to rule them through
He straightened up. Put on a look
That spoke in volumes. And he took
His fate and quiet that it drew
Pity of probation of men and mate
Which reconciled him to his fate

For ten long months this noble ship
Had hurried thro' o'er the trackless main
Oft Charley saw the bright sun dip
Down down o'er the watery plain
And he had seen far Indies shore
But now will seek his home once more
Right joyful to return again
Now the high hills lift in the sky
Then onward. They are drawing nigh

In Boston's Commercial docks
A dream like The Rovers Bride
Majestically rides upon the spot
From whence it ventures on the tide
The Captain arrived seeks that home
Which seeming long had been alone
But a girl Baby so long demied
Was there So he forgot to ask
Or tell or care what els had passed

Another came. and on the door
A little rap though very low
And Charley stood upon the floor
Happier than the sunbeams glow
And when his mistress holds his hand
And calls him an adventurous man
That on the ocean should boldly go
He felt that he had conquered all
With her approval none could fall

But Charleys eyes were opened wide
There sat a babe on the old mans knee
He wondered when the little thing cried
Whose noisy stripling it could be
The Lady said come here and view
A little sister which I give to you
Some day perhaps to be your bride
Its name is Annie You must call
Her Sister Annie and please us all

Domestic Sunshine which peeps between
Succeeding voyages on the sea
Are golden moments which intervene
As post-orbits in lifes history
Where we may rest the mind from care
As all the toil on earth is there
The tars is over The bond is free
But Alas that glorious day
Grows brighter but to pass away

Time elapses on. Again they went
For the Rovers Bride as alone before
But now some gloom or discontent
Each silent face was shadowing o'er
Some evil or foreboding fear.
On every thought seemed lurking near
A death grone in the tempest roar
As in the silence of the dell
Some hidden secret it must tell

Let fancy paint her ~~glowing~~ brightest scenes
For the deluded to admire
Though beauty ~~from~~ those glowing dreams
Will from the sober thought retire
Such leave the wondering mind to ask
Of things forgotten in the past
While memory still retains desire
Who in confusion must repair
Disgusted from vanities fair

But now behold the truly worth
A ship upon the dark blue sea
The one great beauty which the earth
Reflects her wonders unto me
Her towering mast her snow white sail
When proudly booming through the gale
High o'er the fulet vast gay and free
Like packe hounds scenting o'er the plain
Leaps on the rover of the main

With lamper taught and canvass new
The Rovers Bride went down the bay
Friends had watched her as she grew
Less and less in the far away
Again to India they are bound
Returning in lifes steady round
To reap new joys from another day
Although between the cup and lip
Some one has dared beware the slip

With gentle breeze and flowing sheet
Far o'er the waters they are borne
And such the morrow they shall meet
Who wander from the dear and home
Still hopeful promises they have found
In joyous dreams of homeward bound
For man may hope through the unknown
Expectant of lifes slow decay
Still on the morrow pass away

Now onward onward as they dash
When the mad waters in the trail
With steady roar and sparkling flash
Phosphoric blaze in Eastern gale
Behold a sound A dark tis past
The Rovers Brig with sail and mast
Has left — but one to tell the tale
A Stranger Ship had run them down
When scarce the ear had caught the sound

The Ship was struck and long before
The first surprise had passed away
The Brig had sunk to rise no more
One moment still. The waters play
O'er sailor and the sailors prick
Which is their grave O silent tick
Is this thy secret Judgment day
Or was it Lethes darkened stream
Which closed above hopes promised dream

The Captain in his berth asleep
Could scarce recall his scattered thought
From the first shock. When to the deep
Had wrapped her mantle o'er his corps
Of one remaining thought was known
Twas spent in memory of his home
What anguish must that moment brought
One tender dream A wild despair
Upon the instant settled there

In the turmoil. Charley we find
Safe upon the Strangers deck
Mourning for those he left behind
To perish in the sundered wreck
The Stranger Ship now set her sail
And launched the long boat o'er the rail
Fate was decreed. The seal was set
Whilst men shall tread his lacht to save
Fate points in silence to a grave

They came on board and filled away
Bound off to Chimes distant shore
The deed was done. What boots to stay
To search the silent waters o'er
How Charley escaped the sundering wreck
And climed on board the Strangers deck
And how his soul was sick and sore
To know his friends and ship were lost
Are wonders in themselves almost

Now onward as though naught was done
To breath upon the steadey sound
Which makes the days seem all as one
Wherein no changes can be found
And Charley now the choice shall make
To join the stranger ship or wait
To find another homeward bound
And he accepts as boatswains mate
To share their gain or changeful fate

This was the ship. Stag Hound by name
Was on a voyage of speculation
She had acquired glorious fame
Through the rounds of all creation
But now a smuggler she shall be
And stroll about the China sea
Each man to share his well earned portion
Charley recalled the famous stories
He had read of smugglers glories

Here let us jump from year to year
From scene to scene where changes bring
To Charley in his wild career
As born on fortunes buoyant wing
Into Hong Kong the slave dealers came
In ballast there and sailed the same
The crew in posses so they fling
Away ballast. Now all if right
To take in opium at night

And so she run from port to port
Changeing cargo when sun and moon
Had other business to report
Which states from another zone
But one time somebody smelt a mice
When such a ship should come for rice
And things seemed getting on so soon
They up anchor to slip the bay
But found a cutter in the way

Now there was no time to ponder
Fight they must or wear the stain
Fight for freedom. Not to plunder
But to secure themselves and gain
Each man on deck was at his post
And in himself could count a host
While contest throbbed in every vein
They felt that theirs was surely right
So all was rested upon their might

The fight began twas short and sweet
That is — sweet for the conqueror
For what remains from a defeat
Feels different than the vanquished there
The Stag Hounds fought for life and death
They conquered What of them was left
The Captain Their noble leader
With all his mates can do no more
For all are lifeless in their gore

A half wrecked hull without command
The needs repair They must have rest
To veer away for Bonieans land
They all agreed was for the best
Along the Loochoos they must range
Where the air is cool. The change
To what they need A tropic blast
Had long been pouring on their brain
Unshaded there might toll in vain

And here upon this ocean Isle
They lies disbanded their little crew
To rest their weary limbs awhile
And then to form themselves anew
The Stag Hounds wrecked from end to end
Some must new whilst others shall mend
And all things soon were looking new
Each heart now panted for the sea
To wander o'er the waters free

And so a day was set to sail
But none agreed to the command
Lest he that should and after fail
No experience would ever stand
For his excuse with those allied
Nor never with the world besides
If ruin come to that shameless band
Come up and from thy dream awake
Rise all where glory is at stake

So they in due time did elect
Young Charley to the chief command
He though reluctant did accept
At last to lead the little band
Nor eighteen summers he had seen
And was a boy jight in his teens
But yet he felt that he could stand
And brave all danger night or day
And bring his little band away

They sailed. Nor need we pause to say
If such a trust had been misplaced
For he was equal to the task
And every turn of fortune faced
For six long years they steered the tide
Through scenes of danger magnified
But after a keg of gold had graced
The coffers where they stored their gain
On that one island we have named

I need not tell how fortune fleet
Returning then in time to save
The blood which safty called to shed
To free their passage on the wave
Nor need we tell how fickle fate
Stood ever ready at the gate
To open for the prudent brave
Who claimed that men could justly trade
In spite of laws unjustly made

To Bonicia their old resort
Again they boomed o'er the sea
In form to make their years report
To solve bags which began to be
Quite bulky. As each man could share
One hundred thousand waiting there
The time was come they all agree
To sell their ship and seek a home
And walk no more in paths unknown

Then to Shanghai they put away
With papers for the occasion
Resolving there to make their stay
Brief as time could justly portion
When the old ship came into port
With Yankee colors fast to the fort
A lawful trader on the ocean
A cheer went up both fore and aft
As dropped the anchor safe at last

The ship was sold and all did take
Passage in a homeward boomer
Nor was it long they had to wait
Ere for the waters did surround them
Her homeward now through night and storm
Might merely they sailed along
With fortunes right. Or honest plunder
Just as they sold. No smuggler's fate
So cussedness in the least did make

And low again the mountains rise
Above the distant swelling main
Again the sea as in the day,
Columbia's hills peep forth again
The freshening gale drives on the shore,
With all sail out they run before
And summer smiles along the brain
As triumph bears from victory fields
With fortunes self upon his shields

Charley stands at the cottage door
Where he a child had found a home
A wanderer friendless sick and sore
In stranger land and yet alone
The lady now he sees again
Though sorrow brings her not the same
Who with time their seeds hath sown
And on that brow once sweetly fair
We see the language of disdain

Now when Charley called her by name
She startled in a quick surprise
As though some news must give her pain
Or ceus that joyt haps to arrise
But when she knew her orphan boy
The wildness of a new found joy
Burst forth in wonder. And replies
To questions followed. Short in face
Were answers on that wordy race

Here after waiting long long years
The wife now learns her husbands fate
And all those hopes those doubts and fears
Which time itself could not abate
Have opened here the mystic page
Whose silence through a dreary age
Of watching waiting long and late
Here learns at last the silent wave
Has rolled above his ocean grave

And whilst they yet were counting over
The many changes of the past
A footstep sounded at the door
And, ere a question could be asked
A girlish form came stepping in
Gay as the voice of early spring
But when she saw the stranger guest
The rose and lilly seemed to meet
With pride and bluster on her cheek

Now let us jump a few short years
Where a quietness shall reign
And weary days and doubtful fears
Seem half forgotten dreams of pain
When Charley learns how day by day
How their means has wasted away
He blesses his God for his own gain
And proves that he could half repay
The kindness of that early day

So Charley bought the spreading fields
And cottage of his home before
And every wish which pride conceals
His poor lad brought around that door
The she who gave the stranger child
When winters blast blew drear and wild
A home. Though he was sick and sore
Shall now again in need receive
From the Lord. her bounties did relieve

A mansion fair in beauty raised
Where spread the spacious meadows green
And natures smiles were its own praise
Or seemed half lonely for a queen
So Annie was the first to share
The bounties of a studious care
And one May morning there was seen
A gathering to that new abode
Of young and old in happy mood

Yes every feature wore a smile
Therefore all was gay and joyful
And merriment went round the while
Among the young and beautiful
Then Charley by the prettiest hand
Holds Annie who of cours must stand
Before the priest most dutiful
They remembered then who prophesied
That someday she should be his bride

Those golden hours must ever shine
In memory as bright and gay
Though life may darken, these through time
Shall live to grace the endless day
And it will cheer the heart to bring
Those pleasures back in memories wing
The noon-time of life's summer day
Where hope was crowned with all it asked
From the present future and the past

Now pretty names are fancies roses
Which bloom in innocence and pride
Friendship blooms in blushing roses
When love perchance may be allied
Now Sister Annie sounds most sweet
Since that presage is complete
Which said that she could be his bride
He flies to her from doubt or fear
Whome those foreshadows must endear

And Charley now begins to live
Though oft before had blessed his lot
And deemed that he could never give
One thought to joys which should not
Bring him near the wild wide sea
Where needs his soul must love to be
Such dreams are now it seems forgot
And in such changes he can bless
A joy which shall bring him rest

How blessed through a declining life
The Lady dwelt in peaceful home
Beyond the dreams of want or strife
With Annie and her foster son
And thus among the friends she loved
Friends which a life of love had proved
And dreary years had cheered along
Her pity for the orphan boy,
Are now re-paid in years of joy

Time which shall change each mans decree
Saw Charley prosper and one day
A little girl sat on his knee
He happy as a child at play
This girl grew up and passed from earth
Loved by all those who honor worth
So now my child revives one ray
Of that thy mother meeting mild
She was thy mother darling child

And I am Charley the little boy
Who wandered in the world alone
Whome selfish men would not employ
My tiny hands e'er they had grown
Yet still that Ladies gentle voice
Made my young heart again rejoice
And told me I should have a home
God blessed her care in after years
And me to shield her age from fears

Yes Emma dear those spreading trees
That shadow o'er yon mansion high
Are near the spot where first I tenant
To be employed. And she drew nigh
And bade me rest my little form
Within her cottage neat and warm
And when my slumbered clothes were dry
She told me that should be my home
To wander forth no more alone.

Here memory paints youths glowing scenes
And here I learned to read and spell
Here in my wild romantic dreams
I did aspire as none shall tell
How o'er the ocean through the gale
I rode beneath the snowy sail
How oft my patience would rebel
When time rolled on with lagging pace
And left me wanting for the race

And here I heard the welcome news
That I should cross the briny deep
Here fancy painted glowing views
Which I a wanderer was to meet
And memory still points out the day
Where in I proudly sailed away
As victory in itself most sweet
For early hope my life could bring,
Seemed nearing me a mystic wing

Oblivion's self shall not efface
My boy love for the Rovers. Bride
As winged she answered in the race
Proudly o'er the gleaming tide
As if she heard the orders given
Yet though her mammoth sails were riven
Most willing she would turn aside
And when the storm itself was past
I hailed her Monarch of the blast

And now my chiles tis growing late
It is not right that I have stayed
Telling stories and made you wait
Here within this nightly shade
So let us leave this misty air
And to our home again repair
Pleasure oft before has made
The strongest form forget decay
When Death itself must pass away

Since you alone are left to me
A comfort in declining years
If you were taken I should be
Left here alone to reap life's fears
The friends which blessed my early prime
In youth, in age, through life's decline
All which love itself endears
Are gone when you I see no more
To leave me lonelier than of yore

Thus I the old man's story hears
Listening beyond the rocky wall
There he portrayed from worst to worst
Uncertain fortunes rise and fall
A father hates his infant son
His mother dears and he alone
Yet being friendless was not all
As when the strong themselves shall arm
And helpless infants seek to harm

Again we find the other boy
With friends far from his fathers hales
Now he has changed his woes for joy
As captive freed from prison walls
Behold him bounding o'er the sea
As stringing for his distant lea
The shipwrecked terrors on him falls
Again he hearts a cheering hence
Where none shall gainsay his command

Again we find him on the shore
Which gave him birth And in his turn
Can comfort her who long before
Had lent her care, that he might learn
How wisdoms ways could only bring
Him blessings on times fleeting wing
And thus through life we trace him on
And he cries let come what will
Gods blessings makes me happy still

Do them I sight Gods wonderous ways
In secret works a right to mean
And justice in each act displays
The power of his mighty hand
When the oppressor is oppressed
And on him turns the same distress
With which he curses his native land
For one but sight thy vengance stay
Leave that to him who will repay

End

Cumberland Inlet Apr 10th 1866.

When April showers, O'er naked bowers
Where winter has defaced
Pours out their balm, O, mild and calm
Along the dreary waste
They springtime meets, Those rural sweets
Which bloom along the land
Refaging there, Our fondest care
From nature bounteous hand

Then with delight We hail the sight
Of the first flower of spring
And raise our voice, And then rejoice
At winters fleeting wing
The orb of day, Has scarce one ray
Through these North regions cast
As flint & steel, All must congeal
And breathe the icy blast

My soul, Thy lay Within a bay
Of Cumberlands frozen shore
There to abide Till time and tide
Should hail old winter o'er
For day is night, Though dim twilight
May strive to light between
The frigid air, and icy glare
Soon settles o'er the scene

And now at last — Old winters past
The sun comes peeping down
From distant sky, O'er mountains high
And a welcome it has found
Then let us cast Out the blast
Three cheers for the day
And then along Our latest song
In winters dull decay

" " "

Cumberland Inlet April 1866

There is a joy I love, Though now
It dwells on memories waste
Which climb there, Yet sparkles from
The haunts of early days

Could I but pass from mortal care
Which is but doubt and pain
And from a world of misery turn
To dust from whence I came

And there forget those weary years
My Annie with the rest
O I should shrink from such a change
And choose to live unblest.

Then loose that joy which oer my soul
In vissions of the past
Calls up that mountain bliss of mine
Which could not did not last

Were I to sleep a thousand years
Without one little dream
Then consciousness return again
[illegible] that bewildered scene

The next thought which bade me wake
As midnight lightnings flash
Would bring to me on memories wing
Those moments of the past

And in that instant hopes of years
Would gather bright as new
And then again to leave me still
With happiness in view

But I shall prise each instinct which
Reminds me of that joy
More than will match a thousand years
Though poisoned with alloy

Then let me live for what is past
Though nothing more can claim
For memory is my only hope
The future but a name

June, 1866.

Thought quivering thought and thought surmise
Which echo bears their own replies

" "

Behold the ship when newly gone
To life upon the dancing wave

Behold the infant when so young
Its gaze shall meet all things as one

Behold yonder the mouldering clay
The clay which mortal mens decay

Then ask yourself for earthly gain
Or whether life is not in vain

Or wherefore all that seems divine
Must blast before the breath of time
And beauties bloom go down the bier
Which gathers on each rolling year
There silently to steal away
The animation from the clay

And tracing thus my fleety thought
Out on the plain of my story
A twinkle on my view I caught
To mark the birth of memory

And now unto myself I ask
If from the present comes the past
Or is it from the caverned earth
Where first my thinking took its birth
Or did it take its living shape
In mistairs elementry lake
Awhile to linger and to be
A thought without a memory
Though its presence it can feel
Tis something it cannot reveal

The water of our purest springs
Compose a mass of living things
Each liquid drop in crystal hue
Change in a telescopic view
Since that our natural visions moves
Is the air too as full of thought
Like a pearly brook. Each gentle breeze
Swept infinitel — thoughts into its seas
And are they in their newest form
Free as the blended lives of morn

Or does the evil one have power
To taint them in their natal hour

When first the new born babe shall breathe
Upon that breath shall it receive
Its natural impuls although it be
Inclines to sin and misery
And there is caught the vital spark
Which rules the passions of the heart
While time may strengthen it self wild
In virtue Or extreams of ill

Since thought and knowledge we combine
As nurslings from the hand of time
We ask in youth if it was pure
Wherefore dict not that state endure

Does Satan sap the tender vine
Unguarded in its early time
To sin and folly lead astray
When first it takes the form of clay
Then whose to stay that evil hand
The will of God or works of man
From a little plant the giant oak
Has grown to scorn the tempest stroke
In its young days we keep it trim
From foul brood gathering on its limb
And if perchance it should incline
Or bend before some heavy wind
Then we should brace the sapling tree
To form its strength in symmetry
Take a child howe'er so young
When first its passions are begun
And check them in a milder form
But conquor though it take you long
Then as it strengthens year by year
If willful you must be severe
The conquest ready to renew
Untill those passions you subdue
Be gentle then, Reproving, kind
Say too withal from time to time
Thus form the mind which now must run
So smoothly with the yearlin' young
That proud self will, the bell of life
Which leads us on to weary strife
Has learned to shun the rocks of shore
Or dreamed it never was. Therefore

That spirit often seeking my young
Tis past e'er mem-ry has begun

News from Home July 1865

As twilight brightens into day
Behold our vissions meet
An object floating on the bay
Which speaks of life though far away
O'er Shamelee's waters deep

We veer away and down upon
The stranger sail now press
With spy glass view her oft and long
As eagerly we hasten on
Yet still can only guess.

The stranger comes to bring us more
Than hope dare to ask
So high away my boat before
The distance we have half sailed over
Yes news from home at last

Each glancing blade with a good will
Now wakes the briney spray
Tom Dick and Harry Also Bill
Some auspicious place must fill
In the dramatic play

And now we reach the stranger ship
Home messages secure
Then quick again the oar shall dip
Back to the Daniel now we slip
Nor will we long endure

To pass the fleety moments by
So now we break the seal
Hope yearns to know. Fear gives a sigh
Dear Friends are mortal. By the By
Let these the fact reveal

This old familiar hand I know
It oft has come to me
To cheer me wherever I go
And even in this land of snow
Annie I hear from thee

Dear Annie could this world remain
And be a world to me
Without thy presence to proclaim
These words of comfort over the main
With none could write but thee

the picture

Then to another do I see
A familiar form and face
With eyes which almost speak to me
Ah Celie it was kind in thee
To span such mighty space

And high thee o'er Atlantic's wave
Unto this frozen zone
Where nature rules the rude and brave
And you have found this care worn slave
And cheered him thus alone

Tis sweet for me as here I trace
The monster of the sea
To conquor in the fearest race
And crimson o'er the briney waste
Such scenes are dear to me

Tis sweet for me upon the tide
To spread the snowy sail
The angry waves to dash aside
Whilst onward through the storm we ride
Before the mighty gale

Tis sweet to lounge beneath the shade
Where summer's cooling breeze
Waft gently from the forest glade
In zephyrs o'er the green parade
Beneath the spreading trees

Tis sweet to hear the night birds sing
Where waters gently fall
When fancy mounts her gaudy wing
And all that hope or love could bring
To happiness shall call

But sweeter for then all of these
Are tidings of my home
Though they have flamed the distant seas
As echoes from the ocean breeze
To cheer me here alone

The Sanguine

I climbered up a high high steep
Through years of hardest toil
And when I gained the rugged path
The expectant hand, a spoil
My greatest hope had painted there
My golden clouds upon the air
Which unguided there should meet—
The craggy cliffs beneath my feet
And from the rocks the golden oar
In plenty in [illegible] path should pour
And so the light was gained and I
Stood sanguine on those mountains high
Nor yet had sought the golden gain
Which fancy showed me from the plain
I cast one glance [illegible] the world
Was then perhaps my life must curbed
In triumph o'er a throng beset
Beneath the steep Whilst vain regret
Shown in each face. As the beholds
The monarch of those heaps of golds

And then I [illegible] to feast
Upon my unplucked golden fleece
But naught I spied but barren dust
And pebble stones to slake my lust

I gazed me then around the sky
To see if those bright clouds were nigh
But none was there with golden hue
All dark and dread with mirky blue

The scene was changed and I with all
From hope to hopelessness must fall
My golden dream of castles made
Was doomed to perish and to fade

And thus the changes of this life
From good to bad from peace to strife
We see the spring time fresh and green
When no chill night may rush between
Spat and summer. So long a year
Which canters through the fastest gear

To Annie

Tis not to fame that I aspire
Nor heroes song I time my lyre

To thee (my Annie dearest friend
Remembrance) steals from off my pen

As flaps the wild bird o'er the sea
And rests him on some lonely rock
The wing which once was wild and free
Now droops far from its kindred flock

When fancy paints in visions bright
Ethereal ladies and fish of light
A fairy land Elysian seas
A rosey morning Gentle breeze
Sweet profume breathes round the sphere
Spring time blossoms through the year
Hope joy and peace rests on the air
And loveliness is blooming there
No winter sear comes to dispute
The season of its golden fruit
Thus museing often as I stray
Out on the lonely far away
I there behold what is most clear
And happiness brings up the rear

Removeing fancy and possess
All that memory strives to bless
No friendly voice, no fond caress
No one to share such loneliness

When oblivion spreads her mantle o'er
What time has learned me to adore
When morn shall guide the car of time
And virtue divinolle to a crime
When I forget to love my home
And deem it pleasure thus to roam
When all these I shall live to see
Then Annie thou't forgotten be

Annie — August 6

Dear Annie. O'er the reverent dear
Blessings are wishes only
Yet all my dreams are full of thee
As thought steals back o'er memory
I but for thee were lonely

Are you as me portraying scenes
On fancy starlit and at dreary
Where doubts and fears and little spleen
Are flitting through those midnight dreams
Till they themselves seem weary

O happy happy days of yore
Surely they must get return
How gaily we would hail once more
Those joyes which charmed this life before
When such dreams of bliss were young

And if it was sweet for me to dwell
Glad within thy music voice
As ~~thy~~ lips each accent fell
No pen shall mark No tongue can tell
How this heart alias then rejoiced

There every thought you did express
Was an echo but of mine
And joyes which this life could bless
Seemed wafted in one fond caress
And my every thought was thine

Still from memories distant plain
Retrospection self shall call
That music voice. That pretty name
That Angel form I love. And claim
When thought hope were dead to call

Mother

From land to land, from sea to sea
My weary footsteps stroll
Yet still I find on memory
The whole of youth can mould
For sweeter joys to wreathe the heart
Than future dreams or present art —
With all which age implores
Youthful dreams I know are wild
Our memories also are with us while

When hardships press on every side
And dangers on me frown
When fate rolls on the angry tide
Which threatens all around
Then memory tracks her visions o'er
Through scenes which I shall see no more
Yet sweet as though a sound
Rang through my soul As mothers voice
Come back to bid my heart rejoice

Could she who watched my earliest care
Livest in these later years
Those lips which smiled upon me there
Had smiled as age appears
For Mother dear hadst thou not died
But livest my wayward youth to guide
This life of doubts and fears
Had never been mine, for thou wert home
From thee I never had learned to roam

As onward flows my Barque once more
Far o'er the distant wave
My soul on memories dizzient shore
Dwells out my Mothers grave
I see beside the forrest glade
The green whereon the bier was laid
Ever dust to dust they gave
A joyless hope is left to me
As something fair that cannot be

But since that time those tears no more
From parent waters stray
The fountain of my heart gone o'er
Then silent dam'd away
And years rolled o'er a dreary waste
Whose lingering moments none could taste
From torture and decay
Since Mother thou no more were near
This world proved partless and severe

The silver threads which now appear
Upon this furrowed brow
Like summer stung by autumn sear
Unmurmuring must bow
Whilst vain I strive midst winter frost
To reap a harvest youth has lost
And shall I even now
Let fancy imitate thy voice
And vainly dream that I rejoice

Homeward

Hand shrieks the wind, the gath-ering fleet
Makes ice where-er it falls
Before the gale we now retreat
From Greenlands icey walls
Now sail on sail we add and dare
Her speed with all that she can bear
Till prudence it appals
But bend or breath no whining now
With anchor up and on the bow

But now we drive before the blast
Cape Mercies icey peaks are past
Still floating mountains tower on high
While onward, we must pass them by
Yet shun the pack here gathering round
Which scarcely yields a passage down

The freshning gale with eager moan
Leaps onward o'er a sea of foam
On on we hasten. Now we track
Our pathway through the leaves pack
The setting sun adds shade on shade
Whilst darkness gathers on parade

But onward still we proudly dash
By bursting billows lightning flash
And by the dim phosphorious blaze
Our passions penetrate its haze
Though after through the doubtful mist
Lawns destructions dread abyss

When the, unshackled vission meets
The morning beam. Whilst glowing streaks
The eastern sky along the sea
Reclaims the danger past and we
View oceans surface once more free
Yet staggering on before the gale
Leaps the mad waters in our trail

Each hardy form or beardless boy
Wears on his brow that sweetest joy
Of homeward bound, unknown to those
Whose taste of naught save homes repose

A joy long wished through scenes of strife
Through weary hours a part of life

Homeward

Now Labrador with whiteness drifts
The land of ice and granite cliffs
Are past. But still the willing hand
Must reef and steer past New found land

But O this calm, I'd rather be
Beset in a tempestuous sea
Then tumble thus on a dying wave
A commotion o'er the down kings grave

O come thou mighty gale but fair
Burst forth and wake this slumbering air
Behold those clouds as they pass by
In the upper current on high
And now the zephyrs come before
The dawning bears at the door
And welcome stranger for it seemed
An age allmost has intervened
In those hours thou that stray
Wandering mad at the bay
Thy silent swell which rolls before
Is rising and will topple o'er
Yet though thy coming be divine
Still failing learn to doubt thy sine

Ah here let me thee howl away
Shriek and groan in thy mad fray
Dash on and drench us with thy spray
Do what you can or what you may
Still we will tread our lignid way
If only thought prolong thy stay

Whilst the sleep may tremble at thy voice
Still through thy howling we rejoice

How oft I lonely in this wild career
Have deeply wished this homeward passage near
There is a spot on yonder distant shore
I call my dream land. there my visions soar
All there unchanged my better days had known
Again to me on fancies wings are borne
The same sweet smile which welcomed me before
With kindly voice unto my native shore
To revel there on fancies glowing plain
One instant e'er the truth returns again
Perhaps that home the dearest spot to me
Perhaps that friend I hasten there to see
Perhaps from the sky upon the earth I've cast
And the form my idol lies in the grave

Home Again

Land ho. The joyful sound at last
Rings high upon the freshning blast
And cheer on cheer renews the sound
Which long and loud keeps up the round

Yes right ahead Colombias shore
Lifts her high ~~hill~~ to life once more
Nor fancy is it the command
Which bids me view my native land

Farewell old ocean if again
I ne-er shall tread thy liquid plain
And if perchance no more I ride
Upon thy fast receeding tide
Or chase the great Leviathan o'er
Thy distant waters as before
Nor sail upon thy rifling bay
As oft I've charmed an hour away
If thus I leave thee thou shalt not
In time nor absence be forgot

Nov 14th 1866

When the leaves were tipped with autumn red
In harvest early day
I strayed me from the village near
Along the lone high way

Thought has its world. Beneath whose sway
Dame fancy paints each virtue high
And vice arrears pay

I saw a world which man had made
Of his own kind A life betrayed

God grant I turn me not from one
Whome his own image bore
Though youth and beauty may be gone
Heaven can all restore

This old-man wanderer here I greet
If I could soothe him e'er I passed
From out my bounteous store

In regret or elect here hence to turn
Or bring some friendly helper near

No pen shall paint the living woe
I saw within that face
The hushed voice which seemed to know
With almost childish grace

Yet I have felt that mighty throng
Which chased the frightful hours along

Unsympathetic race
But then I cry to proffered store
I do not ask but this implore

Thou canst not mend my tattered sail
To bear against the storm
My hope is wrecked why fear the gale
Which drives my bark along

Towards a shore where the great wave
Must break and thunder over my grave

Shall I forget this wrong
I would I could to have a listening ear
I've been so long in vain

His tones was lowered to this tone
If I form plot, I need two strong
Yet till I prize as ever those
Who still in innocence repose
Ever time or chance or fate shall range
Yet love which languishes with me

A flame unseen within the breast
Which angel never kindles or
Depicts life An ever-burning
Unwearied vice or soothing [illegible]

And if her tones are fearful thrill
Shall I forget [illegible] nothing shall
Be [illegible] memory. And yet [illegible]
[illegible] life which [illegible]

Remembrance! Vainly still I pour
Before thy shrine, and ever now
The muses flit — vier fancies plain
That angel form I see again
That cheering smile. That music voice
Comes back again. And I rejoice

O time O space from whence thy source
Power infinite, mighty force
Didst thou create then choose the way
That we should steer through endless day

Thus launched upon the gulf of fear
Without a compass land and bere
For others then this useless chase
Since others sins had cursed the race

Read on natures page and see
What the Creator gives to thee
The lottest day of earthly care
Who none shall shun his prosperous share
But through nature we may find
All things move within its kind

The butterfly flaps out in spring
Upon its gaudy insect wing
To frolic through a summer day
To autumn there to fade away
And all its joys A life long sheer
Had come, had passed, within the year

The salmon seeks some inland pool
Through crystal streams mild and cool
Where lays their young and waste away
The offspring of the summer day

The faithful dog, man's truest friend
He fails to shame or offend
His life is rounded and is no more
Whose life is scarce one single year

I'll notice that, to smallest fly
Began to live as soon and
Grew like us to the same step
Thing to the western form of life

But such as these as we are left
Whilst man claims an immortal soul

It flies the shelter it should seek
The foam whose note forbids an end
Thus as our lives lie down may trace
The Thread unto its starting place

Thus long I trace the long long past
Through hopeful streams which could not last
But fear to see in grief I join
And watch the future fleet along

f f f f f f f f f

Remembrance freshens far away
Where merry hearts are glad at play
Little girls as minnie ladies
Made balls. Jewelry and tales of love
Ribbons shawls and fancy laces
Pretty names and pretty faces

And whilst the lasses heated time
The lads are busy, but they find
Wooden swords. Her one has blamed
The silver sword. A soldier band
With wooden guns and music too
March out and claim a grand review

And other scenes and other joys
With other girls and other boys
Are scattered o'er the fields that they
Where mem-ry from the far away
Loves to remind me of one more
The merchant of the playhouse store

An oak tree spreads within the glade
Which made a cool little shade
And there beside a shelving stone
The playhouse stood, which was my own

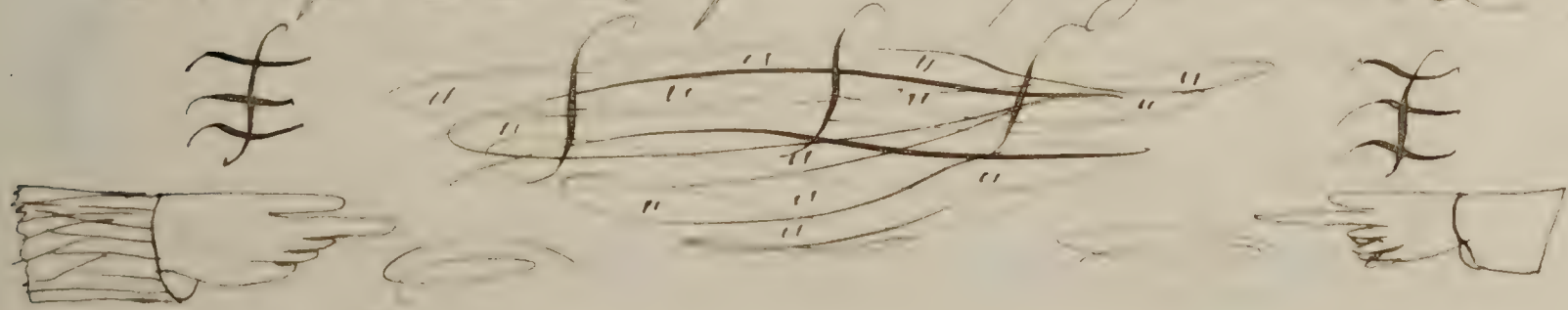
Scattered beneath its crushing weare
And trinkets I had gathered there
With a merchants pride I bought and sold
With many a mocking pile of gold

And there unto my warehouse came
One of earths Angels. Still I claim
In vain I hours again to trace
A semblance of that happy face

With childish grace she came before
The counter at the play house store
To buy some laces and she stated
And told me they were nice indeed

There I proposed that she would be
My copartner there and if we
Should choose to join to fates in one
I make better than to be alone

Thus we unconcious counters o'er
A life scene from the play house store



When delusions mocking must
Could scarce my fancy more assist
My noble bark serenely lay
Upon a calm unruffled bay

When still the vapor thinner grew
Rocks and reefs broke on my view
Murder & Robbery behind before
Dangers barred me from the shore
No choice was left but boldly spread
My sails and chance the sea of fate
Or stand and wait the coming shock
In the current on the rock
Far better fall amid the strife
Then bend or bow or crouch for life
[illegible] that bows to [illegible]
[illegible] Yours through life is boring still
[illegible] but a faint [illegible]
So what comes after if [illegible]

One time when the glowing dawn
Illuminated that man-made and other
Was lighting me to real scenes
Beyond my phantom childhood dreams

I sit beneath a spreading shade
Inviting me in a grove of glade
And of me one who's chief pretend
To be my ever faithful friend

A lady she of medium size
With hands, hair, and lightish eyes
Bent deep within that dreaming heart
The moment she drew that first part

With mischievous twist the chief gamine
And the griffins thought her mind
And though she smiled in her set trills
My first pining hope of life to fill

She did not fail to leave the sting
Which calloused over the pain within

Though long to me it seems my life
Which hems me in without escape
But little word was mine - farewell
I was but one breath I felt the spell

Remembrance now must bear
Among those pained hopes of care
There to behold the inner throng
Which moved in youth with me along

In spirit now they come to claim
Untinting left a dark one name
Expectant choice of early time
Into which entered the rest of mine

There was a form. Aspiring art
Could you explore this silent heart
And view the image there portrayed
Unshackled from all mystic shade
And look upon that gentle face
Perfection's model and each grace

Large eyes whose beam resplendent glow
The soul bespeak, the cheek of rose

Then you might lay the brush aside
And think how nearly you had tried
To mark perfection and to trace
On snowy sheet that angel face

A wanderer now I laid my head
That night upon a strange bed,
My means were slight at best of day
Sought the loft to learn the way
Feeling slight I called for light
My phantom fears and thoughts of fright
And as the burgeon stood and gazed
Conduct my interest raised

The Dream

Unrestful where the [illegible]
A clamor rose around me at [illegible]
My head in upon with cruel blows
And [illegible] [illegible]

And so the their demon spirit was spent
That generated once they went
For years and years, this to abide
My last remains among their tribe

Moment their steel pay living gens
Felt very good until pain intens

Young limb. Fought over & stood
The bleeding heart. He covered head
Cold clods of flesh. Vengeles hand
Reached out upon the thirsty sand

As children round a playhouse wait
For a sand pie. Which none can eat
So did this hellish crew wait there
That worthless carcas now to share

So earth red hand held up its prize
Unto himself to act clenzie
And yet so soon would have undone
What eager malice had begun

The charm was flown Their rage was spent -
To reconstruction now they went
And one by one brought back his claim
All but the part which never came

Though some had vainly searched the sand
And traced retreating tracks of gore
And though to storm returned again
To move effort and clean the scum
Yet still that poisoned young desire
The alter of appetites fire
Must now refuse the knotted hair
And turn from hope to hopeless fear

Thus had her fate fulfilled
Outraged a life, all hope gladdened
With cruel hand the helping crew
Had sought a victim young and new
Yet still the stone becomes cold
Which should must darken evermore

Dreams are emotions that we feel
So deeply we can't over us steal
Great pain and joy to the worst elect
By dull delusion magnified

When slumber fleet fright on my night
All but the demons of the night
Little windows spangled door
The faded carpet on the floor
My couch turned round, the room so small
The filthy cobwebs on the wall

When roused I from that doubtful strain
My real fears come back again

And then recured my dream of strife
The demon crew which sought my life
I then recalled the night before
The silent landlord at my door
With little lamp which dimly shone
When he had left me all alone

Now comes the truth I must depend
Upon the world. I know no friend

O horror - horrors - none can know
How dark the dungeon of that woe

" "

I must away. To my recent role
Were doned already for the road

One stalking then away mine to fall
Upon to the cellar of town, my last
Bought a cheap meal. Eating alone
I thought of those in plentiful home

When the golden field of harvest
Was yielding forth its grain
And the stormy hour of winter
Was howling until the dame

When the yellow leaves of autumn
Were tattered in the wind
And the hoary morn of winter
Put out her dismal shine

When alone among the mazes
No fear of ill entrance
Possession asked no pledge to pass
That happiness was chance

When all beside seemed in life
So cheerful gay and free
I saw my own clear country hills
Go down behind the sea

And when the water and the sky
Had passed the land from view
My bosome found one faint relief
Or else one great adieu

For I had strove in vain to dwell
Midst persecutions train
Who mocked me and a hundred too
Breathed in the rising flame

I looked behind me and I prayed
That memories dim would let
Retrace me over my native land
To pick that vain regret

For though I strove still through my dreams
I spied from inner life
To haunt me in my wanderings
Which I could not forget

Perhaps I then thought ignorance
Had met that mild life
Without that mental war of mine
Which was a lasting strife

— 11 —

Remembrance tells me, how I heard
The high notes of a singing bird,
Whose thrilling voice glad rend the skies
And echoed back its own replies
Enchantment held me in that sound
Answering from the hills around.

But when at last the strain gave over
I sought the wonder of that bore.
Expectant deemed that I should find
Nobleness with beauty combined

But as I peered beyond the wall
I saw a thing so slight and small
A drooping birch in faded blue
Bent like a shadow as it flew

But staggered most my puzzled brain
How so much noise it could contain

But marvel not. I've known a hate
That vengeful self could not abate

Though love and friendship could combine
Were lost in that relentless mine
Whose life in mystery could smile
Whilst death within the heart the while
Darkly and unseen. That mountain hill
Expends the limits it should fill

"

From sunny south to Arctic drear
And barren wasts. My bark did steer

Thus hardy men with iron frame
Had sought for passage and for fame
The last obtained. Though Franklin left
His frame among those icy cliffs

And whilst his deeds in songs are sung
Whilst praises fall from tongue to tongue
That gallant foam on flinty shore
Knows not its triumph. Never more
Shall friendship press to welcomed home
Proffered along his native home

Though Kane returned, his fictious tale
Of canine speed. And winter trails
The polar sea, of his own model
Whilst summer breathes around the pole
They live as wonders until Rance
Some theme of reason shall assume

Dr. Kane, still among the mass
Shine like a hero too may pass
Whilst I have trampled the northern wilds
Have marked the tides, and savage styles
Can only laugh at Kanes wilder dream
Of studdies fiction through the scene

Upon the ship which bore unless
My weary self that Cuckles stay
Was first the master most sublime
Who in himself saw the genuine
And though his sight was fix foot ten
He must look down on other men
And sought occasion day by day
His great importance to display

Beneath the masters tedious sway
The mate came tyrant of the day
His charge gave over at eleven table
Then rising next within his cradle
He dishes comes or man between
Nothing and nothing, ever seen
Groaning where nothing is to do
Prest to all himself and crew

And here I desponded
In hopelessness and woe,
My unrelenting nature
Would a tear to flow.

They gathered to one fountain
Which they were held represed
Until this heart so lonely
Was swollen to distress

One night when the tempest
In furious ollid arrise
And bursting of thunder
Seemed breaking up the skies

And the mighty waters
With furious ollid awake,
Went tumbling to the heavens
High on the fiery lake

Amid this wild confusion
Drenched with sleet and rain
We toiled long and weary
To stay the threatning train

Fatigued thus and fainting
Achieving less and less
All mutiny ambition
Went downbelow to rest

Tired disappointed
There in my slumber
I dreamed a dreadful thought
Timber rent with fury
Upon some sea girt rock

A noble ship was stranded
And scattered over the tide
Whilst I among the fragments
Upon the billows ride

No seeming there destruction
Along the waters swept
One moment to the heavens
The raising billows leap

Then down the yearning vortex
Where ruthless angry billows war
As thunder shaken the heavens
Obeying natures law

Amid such wild commotion
Face and face with death
When hope itself departed
And scarcely left me breath

I caught the hanging frame
Which floated along the stream
Then the lonely pebble beach
My weary carcass bore

On those distant barren shores
I thought myself alone
Family then I had returned
To seek a watery tomb

But then a voice calls unto me
A form nears through the gloom
A cheering smile beams on a face
My early days had known

They upon that lonely shore
I helped the welcome hands
I loved to hold in years before
Bless in our native lands

That same sweet voice in memory
Came to that lonely shore
As wafting from the far off stream
Within the playhouse store

Now we climbed the rugged steep
That rears along the shore
And passed into a tropic dell
Fled from old oceans roar

The gentle breeze was sporting here
Beneath this balmy shade
And golden fruit was hanging down
Along the lonely glade

Repeating on the golden stream
Our blushful visions bore
Like [illegible] a silver light
Were flowerets gemmed the shore

A little skiff lay moored here
Its boson dip from the stake
Was handed in to the moss bank
While [illegible] along the lake

Here we embarked together
The little skiff unbent
Before the sunbeams sunny breath
The fairy yacht was sent

We sailed along the silver lake
Unto the sister shore
Where down the sloping velvet bank
The brooklets gently pour

We landed by an orange grove
Where summers livery red
Knows no bleak December wind
To chase the warmth away

There fitly lined the smiling scene
Inviting now we see
A cottage waiting us upon
The solemn sea

When all the joys wer fancy wrought
Turned around me spread
I raised my voice to bless my lot
When to the vision fled

Again

Again the waters round me clash
I feel my former fear
My arms stretched folding over my breast
My pillow dampened with tears

The fountain of my soul has burst
In fancies wild decay
Yet not in sorrows darkest hour
But unexpected joy

Those tears were drops of sadness
From years of silent grief
Which gathered there in bitterness
Nor asked not for relief

But when the soul so long oppressed
In sorrows darkest woe
To see those blessings showering down
The heart must overflow

The ice which makes around the heart
Beneath oppressions rule
Will melt before affection warm
And scape the bitter pool

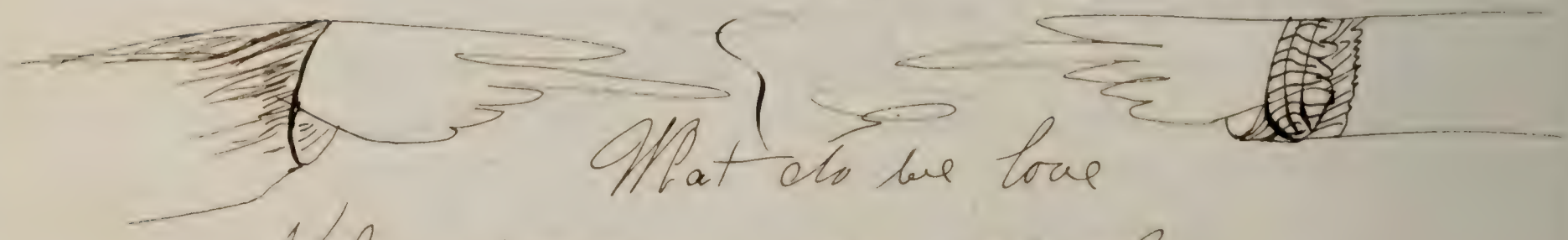
The heart may love in silence long
Still and sweet and pleasant
All other joy the world can give
That heart will ever hate

But if the object of that love
Is granted it may change
If not the darkness of the soul
Must darken and remain

Here cruel thou christ grant
All life has ashes and more
Then flapped thy wings and fore away
The hope we claimed before

I have trod the path of sorrow
And battles over the fields
Of adversity and there
Have schooled myself to yield

Thus from those conflicting fears
The victory now to grasp
To lose again if who could have
That hope as in the past



What do we love

I love to roam along the lee
Which borders on the restless sea
Here I can view the snowy sail
Booming onward through the gale
Or leaning still a speck of white
Seems the blue wave then mocks the sight

And too, I love myself to glide
On the sparkling silver tide
With tiny sail, in gentle breeze
Bounding along the milder seas
And revel through the raising spray
Until thy march of summer day

I love to roam but still more
Love to leave it for the shore

Yes I have longed for a little trip
When blessed at home in quiet life
When there have blessed the welcome sounds
Which cheeres me onward homeward bound

I love the backwoods and the fields
And the freshness which they yields
Sweet is autumn sweeter still
Are rambles on the wooded hill

I love to breath the air of May
But June with her long lasting day
When angling oft has made me love
The supper I return to prove

I love thee August. Still I feel
A thrill of sorrow o'er me steal
I wish that I could live as yore
Those Augusts I shall see no more
But they are gone. whilst I remain
A wreck which hope cannot reclaim

September comes when the dear
Shade yellow o'er the dying year
October then with chilly breath
Breathes o'er the scene her chilled death
November blasts howl in the train
O'er naked wood and dissert plain
December with her dull skin dun
Proclaims that winter has begun

And O the sleigh ride. then I feel
A thrill this pen cannot reveal

Tis sweet to lounge on winters night
By the hearth stone blazeing bright
And thus the seasons flying past
Each one sweeter than the last

No summer day or opening spring
Can boast of joyes on fleeter wing
Than winter. were I still at home
Enchanted dream. as here I roam

And I have sighed at the long thought
Of all I loved. When fancy wrought
Into realities What weary time
Had dreamed or hoped. were to be mine

Once more I treed my native shore
Where oft in youth I strayed
When childhoods glowing dreams were true
Ever fancy was betrayed

I was a stranger, though at home
Saw no familiar face
All all seemed dead, or life no roamed
And left another race

The bleak old school house by the wood
No more was standing there
The Pine trees proudly towered above
The green now just as fair

As when I roamed the green hill side
In happy days of yore
The great oak tree as proudly waved
High o'er the playhouse door

In silence long I paused above
The same old shelving stone
Where memory oft had wandered back
To cheer me when alone

And oft when wandering o'er the world
A voice from early time
Came whispering from those better days
Of joy which was mine

The springing grass had flatted now
Each trail I used to know
Where oft I traced my moonlit path
Once in the long ago

Where since in fancy I have strayed
To cheer some lonely thought
And how often through those dreams
New hopes to life were brought

I then returned unto the home
Of her I loved before
And there I found though now unknown
A friend at their door

The Lady kindly welcomed me
With that familiar voice
Which memory long had kept in store
With other things as choice

I tarried there within that cot
Where I had learned to rais
Those airy castles. And forget
My simple early days

But unremembered now I sat
Among my friends unknown
And every place I saw was filled
But just the one alone

Where I had dreamed through weary years
Some day I should behold
The queen of all my fairy dreams
As joyous as of old

Believing still she would appear
I listened to each sound
Which might foretell some footsteps near
But weary hours went round

And no one called that pretty name
I loved so well to hear
But sadness shadowed on each face
Which left me but to fear

I sought my pillow but no rest
Was waiting for me there
I fled my couch at midnight hour
In vain to fly despair

And now I sought the church yard where
I once had felt a dread
Now in despair I strove to call
The lost one from the dead

The moon-beams danced along the aisle
Beneath the willow shade
The white stone marked where some-one's friend
In death's dark chamber laid

When morning spread her brightest beam
Along the eastern sky
And little birds began to sing
As darkness passed them by

I went among those silent graves
To prove my wildest fear
And there I read that pretty name
I loved of all most dear

And there the date when she had died
Beneath it some kind friend
Had marked one verse. Believing still
That friendship should not end

So gentle one to thy long rest
To join the Angel choir
And whilst thy shade is lower on earth
Gods love will seek you there

The heart shall bleed in silence now
When friendship asks for low
And though we feel thy presence here
With friendship still as true

Yet still thy voice so cheerful say
Whilst gladdened all before
As visions of thy gentle form
Alas we meet no more

My fairy dreams my early pride
With heart so light of yore
When real life had linked me with
Dreams of the playhouse store

But I have lost all this mein world
Could give And now beyond
This vale of tears one hope remains
With life's approaching end

Life has no charm The future seeming
Points me another sphere
Earth is in the angel world
Our earthly friends are near